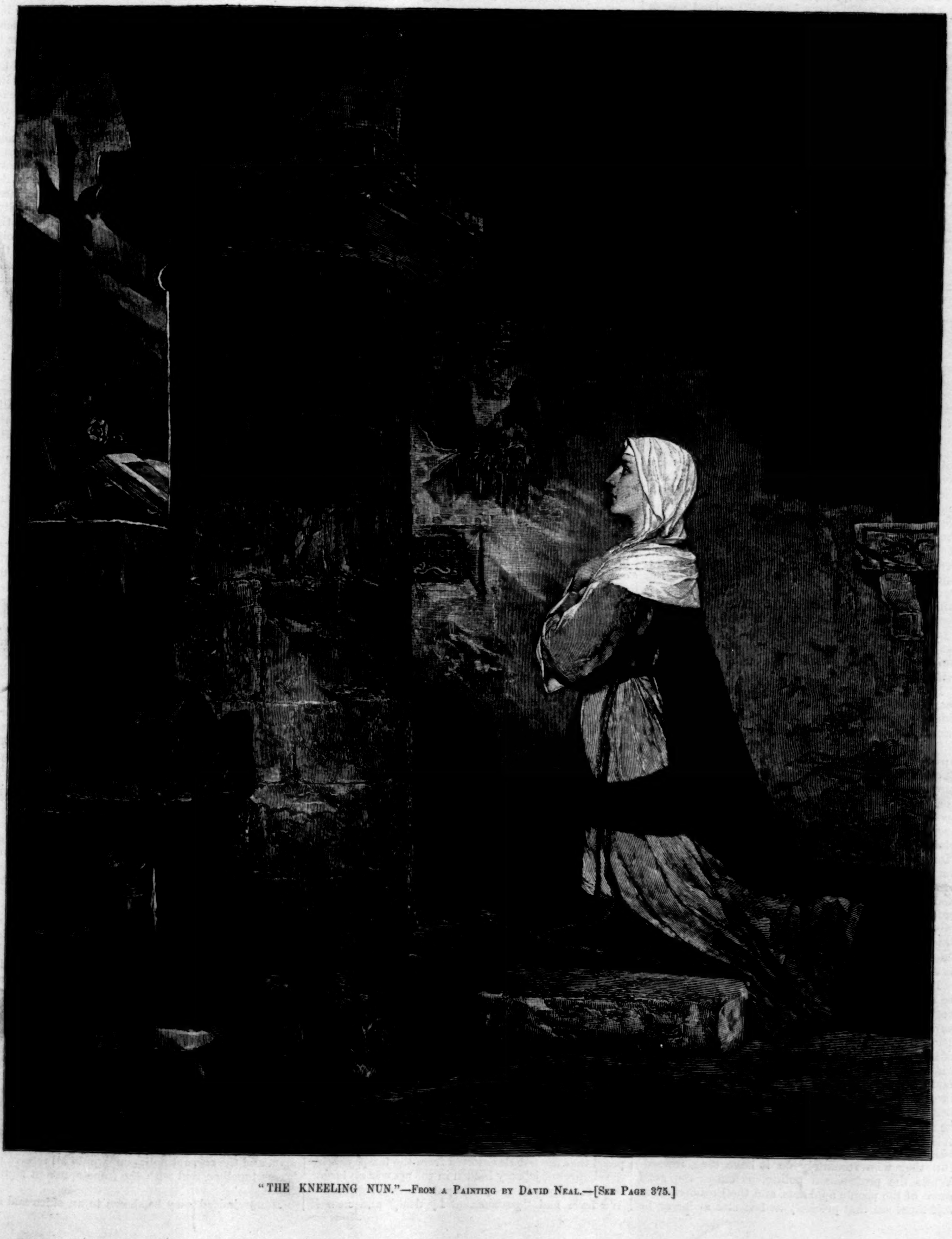
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1382.
Copyright, 1883, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



"THE KNEELING NUN."—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID NEAL.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department*, HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

UNHAPPY "PROFESSIONALS."

IT is a significant fact that just in the degree that President ARTHUR'S course has been denounced by the professional politicians it has been acceptable to the country, and has produced a general feeling of confidence and respect for his administration. The professional or machine politicians in New York, for instance, complain that he does nothing for the party. They had anticipated a general turning out and putting in, and they are naturally amazed and despondent. Their expectation was certainly not unreasonable. They had seen Mr. CONKLING resign because Mr. ROBERTSON was made Collector, and they had seen Vice-President ARTHUR zealously espouse Mr. CONKLING'S quarrel, and hasten to Albany to secure his reelection as a rebuke to President GARFIELD. When the Vice-President succeeded to the Chief Magistracy, the machine, "hushed in grim repose," awaited its prey. There was doubtless a very general expectation that the new policy would be "thorough." But two years are nearly passed, and Mr. ROBERTSON is still Collector, and although the Naval Officer has been unfortunately removed, there has been no clean sweep or re-adjustment, but instead of it Mr. CONKLING'S "snivel service reform" has become law amid universal public approval, and the President is honestly sustaining it.

It is now further alleged, to the inexpressible dismay and disgust of the "professionals," that the President proposes to consolidate internal revenue districts. It is believed to be indisputable that ninety collectors could collect the tax as efficiently as one hundred and twenty-six, and that a proportional reduction could be made in the number of persons employed in the service. This would be a saving which is an essential part of reform in the civil service. The spoils system naturally multiplies useless places and increases the expense of the service, because it treats places as rewards for henchmen and "workers." Honest official investigations into the details of the various branches of the service constantly show the wasteful excess of places and emoluments. Directly and indirectly this will be corrected as the reform is enforced. While the law is carried out by the Commission, the spirit of the law and the public sentiment from which it springs will be observed in every reduction of the force that can be made with due regard to efficiency.

It is because the President seems in many ways to be mindful of this fact that an administration which began amid doubts and grave apprehensions has gradually obtained the regard and trust of the country. The President is a strong party man, and the interests of his party are dear to him. It must be pleasant for him, therefore, to know that at least his administration has not weakened the hold of his party upon public confidence. His course, indeed, has illustrated the truth of the notable saying of President HAYES, that he serves his party best who serves his country most. It is a truth which, however abstractly obvious, administrative officers find very hard to put into practice. But they who resolutely do it have their reward. While the professional politicians sneer, the good sense of the people applauds, and the President himself must see that precisely as fast and as far as he disregards the wishes of party hucksters he commends his administration to an honorable place in American history.

AN EPOCH IN TEMPERANCE REFORM.

THE late meetings in New York for the promotion of temperance are parts of a movement which is worth attention as a significant incident in the history of the temperance reform. It is a movement not designed primarily to favor total abstinence or moderation, nor to procure the passage of prohibitory laws or license laws, but to secure by all proper means the enforcement of all existing restrictive liquor laws. At the meetings to which we have alluded the enormous number of drinking shops in New York was pointed out, and the great excess above those allowed by law; and the necessity was eloquently shown of concentrating a sound and effective public opinion upon the proper enforcement of the lawful regulation of such places. In Chicago this matter has already been taken in hand, and last June a Citizens' Law and Order League of Massachusetts was organized, limited in membership to 150 persons, and consisting of some of the most eminent citizens of the State.

The influence of such a movement upon the part of such citizens as composed the meetings in New York, or the Law and Order League in Chicago or Massachusetts, is obvious. It is a good work in which the Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY has been an intrepid pioneer in New York. The great practical difficulty hitherto in the progress of the temperance reform has been that it excluded from co-operation all who were not willing to pledge themselves to total abstinence. This tendency has been so strong that the phrase "temperance man" has become synonymous with total abstinent, and those who were temperate, but not "abstainers," have been branded as the chief allies of intemperance, and mainly responsible for drunkenness and all consequent crimes. This course has naturally divided the real friends of temperance, and has favored the violation of restrictive laws. But there was still no reason why the action of all should not be united in the enforcement of restrictions which all wished to see enforced. This is the object of the present movement. It welcomes every friend of temperance in every degree, and proposes that the main question shall be, not the erection of a standard of temperance, but the enforcement of the law, whether it prohibits or licenses.

The most foolish of objections is that law can not make people virtuous. But virtue is not the question. The object of penal laws is to prevent crime by the fear of consequences. If a trader learns by experience that he loses more than he gains by selling liquor unlawfully, he will refrain. His abstention may not be virtue, but it is obedience to wise laws, and it promotes public order. The objection to liquor laws has usually been that in severity they outran public opinion, and were therefore violated with comparative impunity. But public opinion everywhere favors temperance, even if it does not favor prohibition. Let the law represent that opinion, therefore, and it will be enforced like other laws. It is a question for the tax-payers, and for good citizenship. The great mass of crime springs from drunkenness. The most feasible way to prevent drunkenness is to add to the moral appeal the enforcement of such regulations of liquor-selling as the law provides, and to improve the laws as experience suggests. The accounts of the good results of Law and Order Leagues in Chicago and elsewhere are most encouraging. They secure respect for the laws which forbid the sale of liquor to minors, and by that service alone they save many a man from ruin. All temperance men, whether abstainers or non-abstainers, are agreed that some kind of regulation of the sale of liquor as a beverage is indispensable. But such laws when disregarded demoralize public sentiment by fostering contempt for all laws. In any case, therefore, let the liquor laws be enforced or repealed. The new law in New York is not a stringent law. But if such restrictive provisions as it contains were resolutely observed, especially the Sunday clause, not only would good order be promoted, but the consciousness that an intelligent and determined body of citizens proposed to secure the vigorous execution of the law against all offenders would have the most wholesome effect in preventing its violation.

THE AQUEDUCT BILL.

IN approving the Aqueduct Bill, Governor CLEVELAND undoubtedly did what his sense of duty required. We regret his decision without impugning his motives. Some of the most earnest original opponents of the bill were found warmly urging the Governor to sign it at last, and he might well be perplexed. We should be very sorry to think that their view was that of the "prominent merchant" who, upon being interviewed after the signature of the bill, said that he supposed that the tribute extorted from the tax-payers by the chances of jobbery hidden in the act was no larger than must be always paid for necessary legislation. We have had "government by deal," and now it seems we are to have government by tribute. It is unfortunate that this was not as evident to the Governor as it is to the tax-payers of New York. It is undoubtedly a disagreeable truth for a Democratic Governor, but it is a truth nevertheless, that any bill involving great expenditure in the city and neighborhood of New York which proceeded from the late Legislature was for that reason to be regarded with the utmost suspicion. The task of showing that it was not a huge job lay upon those who advocated the bill.

Of the necessity of a new water supply there is no question. It was unanimously alleged by the preliminary commission of inquiry, and an admirable bill was drawn which provided the commission under which it was to be executed. This body was to consist of three ex-officio members—the Mayor, Comptroller, and Commissioner of Public Works—and four citizens to be nominated by the Mayor and approved by the Governor. These citizens would have been the permanent majority to serve until the work was completed, and it was known that the Mayor intended to prevent jobbery by nominating proper men. This bill was set aside, and another substituted for it providing for the three ex-officio members, and for three instead of four citizens, who were mentioned by name. This bill, against the protest of a large and influential body of tax-payers and the remonstrance of the Mayor, was passed. Its purpose was visible on its face. It distributed the patronage of the work between the County Democracy, Tammany Hall, and the Republicans, by giving each of them a representative. Of the three ex-officio members the Commissioner of Public Works is the only one who could devote much time to the duty, and he, with the three political representatives, will constitute the majority. The meaning of all this is obvious. It facilitates the jobbery which the tax-payers earnestly wished to avoid.

Had the Governor vetoed the bill, it is true that the work would have been delayed until another Legislature could consider the subject. Not unnaturally he was unwilling to take the responsibility of delaying a work of the kind, which it was agreed is imperatively necessary. But this hesitation might have been overcome by two considerations: that those most immediately concerned were willing to take the risk, and that the opportunity for jobbery offered by the bill would delay the work very much more than waiting until next year for a better bill. The Governor, however, decided otherwise, and his generally honest and independent course entitles him to the most honorable interpretation of his decision. The result throws upon the opponents of the bill the responsibility of the most constant vigilance, and the most unhesitating exposure of the jobs which they believe the bill now favors.

HONORARY DEGREES.

THERE will probably be no incident of the College Commencement season so striking and exciting as the decision of the Harvard Overseers to withhold the degree of LL.D. from Governor BUTLER. But cool reflection, we are sure, will justify the action of the board. Such an honor is essentially personal, and although a custom was established of treating it, in the case of the Governor of the State, as an official due, it was a custom which could not be defended, because it inevitably tended to degrade the significance of the distinction. The incident will doubtless lead to a more searching consideration of the whole subject of honorary degrees, and it will enhance their value by promoting greater care in awarding them. Such degrees are naturally and by custom of two kinds. They are either a certificate of special scholarship, or they are a tribute to eminent public services when the character or reputation of the recipient does not make such an honor from such an institution ridiculous. The personal element can not and ought not to be eliminated from the consideration. There are instances known probably in the boards of control of every important college in the country of men conspicuously accomplished in special branches of scholarship to whom the degree has been refused because of personal considerations.

There is good reason in this course, for there would be the utmost moral confusion if men whose lives and characters justly merited the severest reprobation were for mere scholastic attainment made the recipients of the highest honors of the most reputable institutions. The confusion would not be less if men whose public career had destroyed confidence in their political honesty should receive similar honors from those who distrusted and denounced them most sincerely. It might easily become a premium upon rascality. For to insist upon the other view is to hold that if a man contrives by the most corrupt methods to secure a nomination and election, he is entitled to the condonation of receiving a signal honor. It is useless to call it merely formal. It is, indeed, in every case only a form. But it is in every case also the form in which honor is expressed in precisely the same way. The saintly scholar, the upright and beneficent statesman, and the corrupt politician would all receive the honor together, and with the same apparent significance.

Honor, indeed, may be shown to an office and not

to its incumbent. But this is a truth which may be easily stretched too far. It is well to remember the terrible answer made to the devotee who said that a bad man might be a good pope. "When RODRIGO BORGIA goes to hell, what will become of Pope ALEXANDER VII.?" Because an office may be properly honored, it does not follow that every kind of honor may be properly offered. A man may honor the office of President by bowing to the incumbent; but it is not necessary in order to show honor to the office to ask the incumbent to dinner. No institution of learning, as such, in any State, is called upon to offer its highest honor to the Governor in recognition of the office that he holds, but only as a tribute to what it thinks to be his worthy holding of it. If the habit of honoring the office in the person of what the institution thinks an unworthy incumbent has arisen, it must sooner or later lose its self-respect and the respect of good men, or do what Harvard has done—destroy the precedent.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

THE Republicans of Ohio have nominated Judge FORAKER for Governor, a gentleman who is highly commended upon all sides, and who happily, in the lingo of Conventions, is a new and a clean man. His nomination, and the unequivocal declarations of the platform upon the State issue of the liquor question and the national issue of the tariff, will secure a distinct and intelligible expression of the Republican sentiment of Ohio upon those two points.

The liquor plank demands a reasonable legal regulation of the liquor traffic, and the tariff plank in terms repudiates the policy of a tariff for revenue only, and declares for protection. On the same day the Iowa Democrats declared for a tariff for revenue only. The Democratic party, however, will not, in our judgment, risk the national election upon that issue.

The Ohio Republican platform, although perfectly positive and emphatic upon the tariff and the liquor traffic, is evasive and vague upon the question of reform. It contents itself with saying that it "reiterates the declaration of previous Republican Conventions in favor of civil service reform, and welcomes every intelligent effort to make that measure practical." There is such an intelligent effort now making by the Republican Administration, but upon that practical effort the Convention was silent. This is unfortunate, because the time is not favorable for political cowardice. No unmeaning phrase in a platform will satisfy the Republican demand for reform. The most important work of the Convention, the nomination, seems to have been the best. The contest will be exciting and close, and the result will have an important bearing upon the election of next year.

MORE BRIDGES WANTED.

THE experience of the Brooklyn Bridge since its opening seems to justify the sententious remark of a young passenger upon the second day, "What is needed here is more bridges." It is with the bridge as with railways when they were first laid along routes upon which the scant travel seemed to make such a road ridiculous—it develops crowds of travellers. So the elevated railroads in the city are said not to injure the prosperity of the surface roads. The new bridge, indeed, does threaten the profits of the ferry. But none the less it will undoubtedly greatly increase the travel between the two cities.

The catastrophe of Decoration-day, therefore, can not be regarded as due to exceptional causes. It was the result of inadequate provision for the safe passage of a throng which may be always expected upon a holiday, while upon other days it will be larger than was anticipated. The pressure will be somewhat relieved by the cars, but how great the relief will be can not be foretold. An ample and efficient police and instant telephonic or telegraphic communication will undoubtedly be provided at once, and the skill which constructed the bridge will be able to decide whether and how the way for foot passengers can be enlarged.

The bridge will long be one of the chief spectacles of the city, which hundreds of thousands of strangers will annually flock to see, and it is very possible that it may really prove to be inadequate for its normal purpose of communication between the cities. In any case it is doubtful whether it could serve as a vital bond between different sections of the same political community, which is already the dream of many sagacious citizens on both sides of the river. The one thing which is indisputable is that the continuous throng across the bridge was wholly unanticipated, and that the practical ability of the trustees to deal immediately with an unexpected and vitally important situation is put to the severest test.

"GIRL GRADUATES."

THE trustees of Columbia College have arranged a four years' course of study for women, for which a strict preparatory examination will be required, and no girl under seventeen will be admitted. Those who pass the examination may study where and how they please, and will be examined by the college teachers as often as may be necessary. Upon a satisfactory examination at the end of the four years, or upon the completion of any prescribed course, the student will receive a certificate, which will be substantially the equivalent of a diploma granted to a graduate of the college.

What the distinguished citizens of New York who petitioned the trustees to facilitate the higher education of women have gained is this—and it is not an inconsiderable gain: the college sanctions a course of study little differing from its own; it places it under the care of its faculty, and it officially certifies its successful completion. What the college does not undertake is to open its own class-rooms, lecture-rooms, and collections. The scheme is an "annex" without a local habitation. But it is possible that the habitation may be provided by the earnest friends of education, and meanwhile what is done is a step forward which undoubtedly makes other forward steps easier.

One immediate good result of the scheme is obvious. As there is no especial school provided for the pursuit of the prescribed studies, the schools for girls already existing will enlarge, and raise their courses of study so as to satisfy the new situation. The standard of the education of girls will be higher. Moreover, as the industrial opportunities of women are constantly multiplying, it will be found, as in England, that in certain employments a certificate of the kind proposed will immediately give its possessor the precedence over all competitors. Nothing but good can be anticipated from the action of the trustees, and if it is not all that some of the more ardent petitioners hoped, it is yet the beginning of good things.

A DILEMMA.

IT is now so plain that the Democrats will not contest next year's election as a free-trade party that the Louisville *Courier-Journal* must look with mingled feelings upon its late declaration that the election of Mr. RANDALL as Speaker "would be the dissolution of the Democratic party." It could be so only because the free-traders in the party might secede in case of his election. How many of them does the *Courier-Journal* suppose would take that course? Should Mr. RANDALL be elected Speaker of the Democratic House, should we see the *Courier-Journal* repudiating the House as betraying the party, and proceed to organize a new Democracy?

An Irish echo would reply to these questions, "Probably not." The *Journal* would pick its flint and try again. But it will hardly rally the old Democratic party as a free-trade party. The changes in industry in the Southern States are not favorable to the identification of that party with free trade, and no old party organization among whose members radical differences exist upon a vital policy can be made the party to represent that policy.

Mr. RANDALL's election as Speaker would undoubtedly mean that the Democratic party is not ready to declare itself to be a free-trade party. It would signify that the Democrats believe that the country does not wish to depart seriously from the present Republican policy, and that it is disposed to give a fair trial to the tariff as revised by the Republicans. There would not be much cheer for the Democrats, therefore, in his election, because if the country approves the present policy, it is not likely to invite the Democrats to carry it out.

THE "MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY."

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB has become editor of the *Magazine of American History*, and entered upon her duties in May with an admirable number. Her series of papers upon "Wall Street in History" is exceedingly interesting, and the busiest broker in the street can find time to acquaint himself in it with the days when Wall Street was the lair of other bears and Broad Street a pasture for other bulls than those with which he is familiar.

Wall Street is not only the most noted but the most notable street in the country. Its association with historic events is close and constant, and Mrs. LAMB is probably the most accomplished student of the history of the city, her handsome and ample volumes showing both the research of the scholar and the picturesque literary skill of the author.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most famous of young American authors was talking recently about his motive for writing. He made no bones of it. "As I tell the publishers," he said, "the love of money is the root of all literature."

—There is a book-canvasser in this city who earned last year by commissions on his sales not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. He has done similarly well for several years, and has begun to spend the summer in finishing the construction of his beautiful house in the country, and the landscape gardening of its extensive grounds.

—That artists often fear being robbed by brother artists is well known to that honorable profession. Many of them, accordingly, are reluctant to show their sketches or designs, especially when a competition is on foot, lest the ideas should be stolen. "I broke my rule," said a New York painter recently, "and did show to a brother artist a competitive design for a public monument which I hope to get a commission for. After admiring the principal figure of the group, he remarked, naïvely, 'That's nicely done,' and then added, 'Hang it! there's no other way at all of doing it.' Now I know," observed the other, while relating the incident to a friend, "that there are twenty different ways in which I could have done it myself, and I am sure the fellow is going to steal my way."

—A French writer has been discussing the question whether a play should end cheerfully or despondingly—in other words, whether the audience should be sent away in good spirits or sad. He thinks that, so far as dollars and cents go, it is best to have the dénouement a pleasant one, for plays with a doleful fifth act "seldom run long." Perhaps it was for this reason that a French adapter of plays once made *Othello* terminate merrily.

—A monument to the heroic CAIROLI brothers, who perished in the struggle for Italian independence, has been erected on the Pincian Hill, Rome; but a more enduring one had already been raised to their mother in those lines of SWINBURNE's song where she is called "four times blessed, at whose most holy breast four times a god-like soldier-saviour hung," the man of letters being more successful than the sculptor both in perpetuating the fame of the dead and in creating it.

—The persistence of the civic authorities of our suburban towns and villages in refusing to suppress the nuisance of dusty streets has never been explained. But the grocers and butchers of those charming resorts are now believed to be at the bottom of it, because there is no law against selling street dust as sugar, bananas, and leg of lamb.

—A simple and novel convenience may be seen attached to the front entrance to a house on Murray Hill. It consists of a small tin sign, placed just beneath the door-bell, and lettered as follows: "Gone to Europe; return in October."

—"The coronation of the Czar," remarks the *Spectator*, "was Asiatic in more than its accessories. If we were asked to state in a word the 'note' or central fact which differentiates Asia from Europe, we should answer, 'Immoderateness.' Nothing in Asia is sufficiently restricted. All things have in them a trace of immoderateness, as if gods and men had lost the sense of wise limitation. Forests in Asia cover kingdoms. Mountains occupy the area of large states. People are numbered, like the Chinese and the Indians, by their fractional relation to the whole human race. A cyclone desolates a province. A tidal wave sweeps away half a million of men. A famine slaughters out eleven millions. A wall bounds an empire. One sovereign is brother of the sun, another is God's Vicegerent, a third is incarnate deity. This characteristic of immoderateness is the dominant one in the Russian coronation."

—Mr. G. BARNETT SMITH denies that Mr. SWINBURNE was the first writer "to remove EMILY BRONTË from out the shadow of her great sister's fame, and to put her in a place apart, fronting the sunlight." He declares that as long ago as 1873 he publicly asserted that, in certain respects, EMILY was the most extraordinary of the three sisters, and that in being the author of *Wuthering Heights* she enjoyed the distinction of having written a book which stands as completely alone in the language as does *Paradise Lost* or *Pilgrim's Progress*.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury was presiding at a recent public meeting in Lambeth Palace when the head master of Harrow School offered the following resolution: "That it is expedient that there be a central Church society, with the objects of promoting purity of life, and of preventing the degradation of women and children in accordance with the resolutions of the committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury." Of course the head master did not mean precisely what he said.

—A picturesque feature of New York life fifty years ago was the guard with a blunderbuss, who mounted the box of Uncle Sam's mail wagons as they were leaving the Post-office, and took his seat beside the driver, with all the sense of vast responsibility to be expected of his station. The blunderbuss was a weapon about four feet long, funnel-shaped at one end, where it was large enough to let a man's fist in, and fired by means of a flint-lock.

—The English people (according to one of their number) do not insist on the love of cakes and ale as in any degree a *sine qua non* of popularity, and it is a great mistake to imagine that a frank love of the common pleasures of life is essential to popularity. What the democracy does dislike is any sense of superciliousness; what it does love is largeness and strength of nature made visible and conspicuous to the people, genuine character strongly displayed—as in the case of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, for example. No prig can ever become popular.

—We do not quite understand Mrs. PATTISON, when, in her *Academy* review of the Royal Academy exhibition, she speaks of "the charming, Quakerish simplicities of Mr. BOUGHTON."

—A traveller in the frontiers of Southern China saw a delightful young savage of sixteen or eighteen, graceful as a fawn, and with an English face, and dressed in a turban, a short jacket, and a blue cotton petticoat. "Her smile was pleasantly bright and cheery; but her voice—that most excellent thing in woman—was better than all. She watched us carefully, and seemed highly amused. A few minutes, and this vision of beauty stepped on to a small bamboo raft, with her companion—another young woman—and paddled rapidly across the river. She had gone, but her voice was heard by us like some pure bell sounding its silver music from the hill-side. Truly, if there be many such, I should vastly prefer being a savage to a civilized Chinaman."

—The Young Women's Christian Association of London has twenty-four auxiliary societies in the United Kingdom, besides forty London branches, with a membership of more than five thousand. The London members recently presented their friend Lord SHAFTESBURY with a silver inkstand and pencil-case, in acknowledging which Lord SHAFTESBURY said that if democracy would allow, the gift should go down as an heirloom to his posterity.

—"The exceptional nature of the feeling which has kept, and probably will keep, Lord BEACONSFIELD's memory green, may be traced," says the London *Times*, "to various causes, but all these may be summed up in the phrase that he impressed the popular imagination. Wrapped in a mysterious reticence—sometimes theatrically exaggerated, or broken only by flashes of rhetoric, but always when needed a panoply proof against hostile attack—Lord BEACONSFIELD inspired the belief that a part of his strength was held in reserve."

—From one of Mrs. CARLYLE's letters: "When my husband is at work I hardly ever see his face from breakfast till dinner; and when it rains, as often even as when it does not rain, no living soul comes near me to speak one cheerful word; yet so long as I am in what the French call my 'room of reception' it never occurs to me to feel lonely. Send me to my bedroom for a day, to that great red bed in which I have transacted so many headaches, so many influenzas, and I feel as if I were already half buried."

—Several Russian prisoners have received severe sentences for alleged political crimes. A nobleman was condemned to loss of civil rights with hard labor in the mines for life; a student, the son of a priest, to fifteen years' hard labor in the mines; four tradesmen to ten years' penal servitude; and EUGENIE STEPANOWA, the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel, was banished for life to the farthest settlements of Siberia.

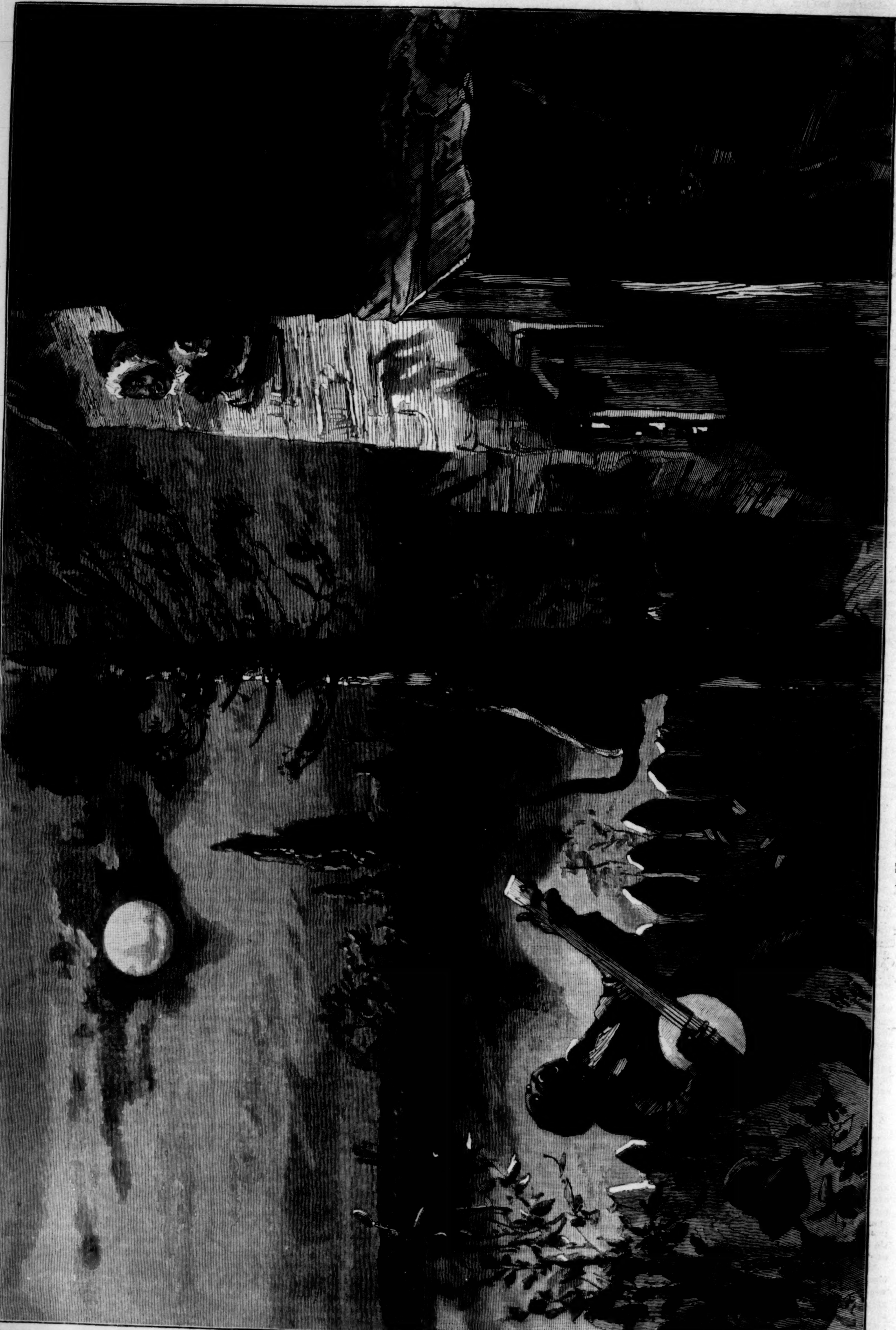
—Thirty-nine lady students attended medical lectures in Paris last year. Eleven of them were English, five American, and one Indian.

—Sir LYON PLAYFAIR, M.P., in a public speech recently reminded his hearers that it used to be observed that the English universities taught the upper classes to *spend* £1000 a year with dignity and intelligence, while the Scotch universities taught a man to *make* £1000 a year with dignity and intelligence.

—A recent traveller describes the Arabs of the desert as of a dark bronze shade, some almost approaching to black, but with nothing of the negro in their sharply cut features. Many of the guides are extremely handsome. With scant drapery about their loins, they march or ride, proud and erect, each man armed with a lance and shield or a long two-edged sword. The hair is worn in a most peculiar fashion, with a crown tuft on top of the head, and then left to fall on either side to the shoulders at the back.

—The late French novelist JULES SANDEAU lost his health some years ago on account of the untimely death of his son, a bright young naval officer. He used to sit listless for hours, staring vacantly at his son's uniform, which he always took with him when leaving Paris. "I cull wild flowers," he said, "from habit, but I no longer feel their beauty. It seems to me that I am bereft of perceptions and affections. I wish to live for my wife's sake, but if it were not for the loss of income which my death would entail, I should be glad to fall asleep forever beside my poor boy."

—The *Westminster Review* on Mr. THOMAS HARDY's women: "Mr. HARDY's way of regarding women is peculiar and difficult to define, not because it is not a perfectly defensible way, but because it is in a great degree new. His women are creatures always fascinating, made up of more or less untamed instincts for both love and admiration, who can never help some degree of response when the satisfaction of those instincts lies open to them. They are all ultimately that; but with what intelligence, what an innate grace, at once delicate and frank, these instincts are manifested, any one knows who has followed the history of Elfride Swancourt or Anne Garland. The charm of a woman for Mr. HARDY is chiefly physical, but it is a charm which can only be interpreted by a subtle observation. In his stand-point as regards art and the treatment of women there is occasionally what seems like an influence from THACKERAY; but if THACKERAY has the more range, eloquence, style, Mr. HARDY possesses without question a more delicate insight and a far finer sense of his art. He is never a Philistine, and he never proses."



A BLACKVILLE SERENADE.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Poem, Page 374.]

"Her gray eyes were gazing into vacancy."

THIRLBY HALL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

BUNCE IS INDISCREET.

The dining-room at Thirlby was by far the most imposing room in the house. With its oak panelling, its family portraits, its antlers, and its high carved chimney-piece, for which a fashionable lady of the present day would be ready to give any amount of money, it was worthy to take rank with anything of its kind in the county, and we were justly proud of it. It was, however, a draughty room at the best of times, and a disagreeably vast one for two people to sit down to dinner in; therefore, when the weather was cold, and when we had nobody staying with us, my uncle and I used to dine together cozily in the library. A table was wheeled in while we were dressing, and when we came down there it was, ready laid, within comfortable distance of the fire; the claret stood in the fender, the coals and logs made a cheerful blaze, and Cooper, the butler, was waiting in all the dignity of office to remove the cover from the soup-tureen.

Cooper did not approve of this practice, which he considered a slovenly and unworthy one, and being an old servant, he made no secret of his disapproval; but he was brought to countenance it—as a purely temporary arrangement—when it was pointed out to him that my uncle, who always suffered a great deal from the cold, could not dine in the larger room without risk of injury to his health. "Dinner will be in the libery this evening, sir," Cooper would inform me day after day, with a perfectly grave face, "as Mr. Le Marchant is not feeling quite the thing." The repetition of this phrase eased his mind, and marked the protest which he felt bound to enter against any disturbance of established custom.

He went through the usual form on that spring afternoon which was made forever memorable to me by my encounter with Maud Dennison, and which was indeed as good an imitation of a winter afternoon as could be desired—spring being a season practically unknown in East Norfolk.

"Was the Rector here to-day, Cooper?" I inquired.

"He was, sir; and he left a bundle of manuscrip' and two right-'and gloves behind him."

"And—er—Miss Dennison?" I continued, asking the question for the mere satisfaction of mentioning her name.

"Miss Dennison was here likewise, sir. Should we send a lad down with the papers and gloves?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Or rather, no; I'll walk down with them myself after dinner."

It was, I believe, the great ambition of Cooper's life to acquire that impassive demeanor which characterizes the more fashionable members of his profession; and by unremitting diligence and study of the few good models who came in his way he had schooled himself into a very fair imitation of the *nil admirari* type of London butler; but nature will prove too strong for the best of us sometimes, and when he heard me express my intention of doing this very unusual thing, he so far forgot himself as to burst into a short laugh.

"I don't know why you should laugh, Cooper," I said. "I suppose you think I want to go down to the Rectory in order to see Miss Dennison."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the abashed Cooper.

"Well, you're perfectly right; that was my reason. Though, on second thoughts, I don't know that I will turn out in the cold to-night. Miss Dennison and I used to be like brother and sister, and of course I am anxious to have a talk with her. There's nothing to grin at in that."

"Nothing at all, sir."

"And you needn't take it into your head that I'm in love with every young lady whom I speak to."

"Oh dear no, sir," answered Cooper. "I hope you won't have no troubles of that kind for a many years to come. You're too young, sir, to think of such things yet, if you'll excuse my saying so. Time enough for that when you leave school, sir."

And with this observation—which, I need hardly say, offended me far more than his laugh had done—Cooper withdrew.

When I went down to the library I found my uncle turning over the leaves of an old book with an amused smile on his face. "The Rector has been up to London," he said; "and see what he has brought me back! The dear old fellow must have taken a great deal of trouble about it."

My uncle was a bit of a bibliomaniac, and his love for rare editions was well known to his friends. I examined the little pile of brown volumes that lay on the table at his elbow. There was a *Hudibras* among them, I remember, and a dilapidated *Fool of Quality*. "They look awfully old," I remarked. "I suppose they're worth a lot of money?"

"Well, no," answered my uncle, laughing outright. "To tell you the truth, they are worth very little in a pecuniary sense. But the value of a gift doesn't depend upon what it will fetch, you know; and the Rector, I suppose, thought as you do, that they were 'awfully old.' Don't let him suspect that they are anything but pearls of great price. By-the-way, he has brought something really rare back with him in the person of Miss Maud, who has developed into one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld."

"I know she has," said I, nodding. "I met her this afternoon down by the Broad."

"You did, did you? Charley, my boy, you must beware of Cupid's darts. Upon my word, when I saw her to-day, I felt sincerely thankful that you were still only a school-boy."

It was really too bad to be reminded of that humiliating fact twice within the course of half an hour. "I am in Upper Division, you know," I could not help saying.

"Yes; very true. Still, you have not left school yet."

"But why should you be thankful for that, Uncle Bernard?"

"When you are my age, and have sons of your own, you will know why," answered my uncle. And then we sat down to dinner and spoke no more of Maud Dennison.

That I thought of her all the time that we were talking about the lateness of the season, the disgraceful condition of the roads, and other similar topics of interest, was a matter of course; but I kept my thoughts to myself, and it was not until the dessert was upon the table that I remarked, in an off-hand manner, "I was thinking I would just stroll over to the Rectory presently. Mr. Dennison has left some things behind him, as usual."

It was quite true that the Rector, who was one of the most absent-minded men that ever lived, rarely paid us a visit without forgetting to take away something that he had brought with him, but I was uncomfortably conscious that never before had I proposed to restore his property to him in person. My uncle, however, neither laughed nor made any comment upon my announcement beyond the pardonable one that it was rather cold for evening walks. But by-and by he disconcerted me very much by saying, musingly,

"I suppose we may take it for granted that you will lose your heart to this pretty Miss Maud; but, after all, that will do nobody any harm."

"I don't know why anything of the sort should be taken for granted," returned I, rather annoyed that a matter of so much importance should be so lightly treated; "but if it did happen—"

"What if it did?"

"Why, if it did, I think it might easily do me a great deal of harm. That is, if she refused me."

"Oh," said my uncle, "I imagine that there is very little fear of that."

"What do you mean?" I asked, surprised and flattered by this confident expression of opinion.

"Well, you see, Charley, I take it that by the time that you are of an age and in a position to make proposals of marriage to any lady, Miss Dennison will be Mrs. Somebody Else and the mother of several children. Besides which, you will probably have fallen in love with many other people before then. I don't mean to sneer at your feelings or your strength of purpose, my dear fellow," added my uncle, hastily; "I am only assuming that you are like myself and everybody else. Which is an excusable assumption, you will allow."

I did not, of course, think that I resembled everybody else, but I let it be inferred that such might be the case, and my uncle went on to point out that young men who had to make their own way in the world were usually very fortunate if they could begin to contemplate matrimony about the age of thirty. That I was one of the class of young men alluded to had always been an understood thing. In the course of nature it seemed probable that I should some day be the owner of Thirlby, but my uncle had never said that he intended to make me his heir, nor had I any right to expect that he should do so. The General undoubtedly had a prior claim, and there was no reason at all why the General should not marry and have sons of his own. Nevertheless, I was generally treated as though I had been the heir, and my private impression was that I should only be expected to earn my own living until the day when I should be called upon to enter into my inheritance. It was my earnest and honest wish that that day might be very far distant. I was young enough to regard death as a remote contingency so far as those whom I loved were concerned; young enough also to trouble my head very little about the future or the choice of a profession; young enough, finally, to be over head and ears in love with Maud Dennison, and to be free from any harassing sense of the responsibilities attaching to that condition. What makes love's young dream so sweet is that it is so thoroughly and delightfully selfish.

After what my uncle had said, I thought I would not go down to the Rectory that evening, but I went on the following morning, and from then to the end of the holidays—only a poor three weeks, alas!—not a day passed without my spending several hours with Maud. We soon became close and intimate friends, but I did not know then, and do not know now, whether she suspected the existence of any warmer feeling than friendship on my part. She treated me like a younger brother, and with that I was fain to be

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

content. I was an innocent and inexperienced youth. There must have been a good deal of timidity mixed up with my boyish vanity, a considerable amount of awe and respect underlying the easy familiarity with which I was accustomed to approach my lovely neighbor. I remember thinking that I had done quite a bold and significant thing when I presented her with a fox-terrier pup, and it was not without blushing up to the roots of my hair that I ventured to ask her for a flower out of the Rectory garden on the last day before my return to Eton. She granted my request at once, laughing, and begging me to take my choice, and I chose a forget-me-not, which made her laugh the more. And I shouldn't wonder if I still had the same forget-me-not in a box of mine which contains certain objects of value. But, to tell the truth, I have not looked into that box for some little time. What should I find if I were to open it? Dust and ashes, nothing more; withered flowers, scraps of ribbon—I don't know what odds and ends of rubbish, which would say nothing to me.

During the period which I am endeavoring to recall (and over which I fear I may be lingering too long for the reader's patience) life was very fresh and glorious to me. It may be, and I have no doubt it is, an extremely fine thing to be Prime Minister, or Lord Chancellor, or Archbishop of Canterbury; but I think all reflective persons will agree with me that, for unalloyed gratification of personal ambition, to be Captain of the Boats is better. My last summer half at Eton would have been saddened by reason of my approaching resignation of that proud office if I had not been in rather a hurry to get on to Oxford, and become a man. My uncle, yielding to my entreaties, came down on the Fourth of June, and brought the Rector and Maud with him; and if they did not admire me in the fantastic nautical costume which tradition ordered us to wear on that occasion, they must have been less appreciative people than I took them for. We had a brilliant and delightful day. Indeed, I should be almost inclined to say that that Fourth of June was the happiest day of my whole life, only that one must really be a little cautious about what one commits to print, and there are persons living who might not take such a statement in good part.

When I arrived at Thirlby in the beginning of August, bearing my sheaves, in the shape of a large box full of leaving-books, with me, I was met at the station by George Warren, who had then been about two years at Oxford, and had acquired all the privileges and adjuncts of manhood, including a pair of whiskers. I never had any secrets from George, and I determined to let him know at once how irrevocably my affections were engaged, in order to prevent any possible complications from arising in the future. Certainly it would have been a tolerably cool piece of presumption on the part of poor old George to raise his eyes to the loveliest of her sex, but the extreme improbability that any one, however unworthy, could see Maud without falling in love with her had also to be taken into consideration, and so while we drove along the dusty roads and lanes I told my love tale as well as the brown mare, that was almost pulling my arms out of their sockets, would let me.

"Rather quick work, isn't it?" was George's comment, after I had come to the end of my narrative. George was a man of few words.

"That sort of thing always is," I answered.

"Is it? Well, I don't know, I'm sure."

"My dear fellow," I said, "if you had seen her, you would not be surprised—"

"Oh, but I have seen her," he interrupted, quietly.

"You have! Why in the world didn't you say so before? Well?"

"Well, she is certainly very pretty."

"I should rather think she was. Anybody could see that with half an eye. But she is a great deal more than pretty. Surely you must have found that out if you spoke to her at all."

"I thought her very pleasant."

"Very pretty!—very pleasant!" I repeated, impatiently. "You are the best fellow in the world, George; but you haven't a spark of romance or imagination in you."

"I suppose not."

"I told you about this, you know, because I was half afraid that you might fall in love with her yourself, and I thought it only fair to—to—"

"To warn me off. Thank you, Charley; that was very thoughtful of you," said George, who sometimes permitted himself a touch of gentle irony.

"But really I don't think it was necessary."

"No. You see, Charley, it is just as well for me that I happen to be unromantic and unimaginative, for I couldn't afford to fall in love with people just because they were pretty and pleasant. If I am lucky, I may be getting enough briefs by the time that I am five-and-forty to justify me in noticing the fact that there are women in the world; but for a great many years to come I shall have to ignore them—unless, indeed, some fascinating heiress should throw herself at my head."

The idea of such a piece of good fortune happening to homely old George was so funny that it sent me off into another fit of laughter, in which he joined quite good-humoredly. George Warren was the eldest of a very large family—of a family so large that his father was wholly unable to make distinctions between him and his younger brethren. It was believed that after Mr. Warren's death Hailsham would have to be sold, and that the amount of personal property to be divided among his children would be very modest. George had been originally destined for the Church, there being a family living which might have afforded a tolerably comfortable provision for him; but, after careful consideration, he had found that Art. XVII. was too hard a nut for him to crack; and so as soon as his University career should be completed he was to try what he could do for himself at the Bar, while the living was to be held in reserve for some younger and possibly less scrupulous member of the flock.

I can not explain the wonderful transformation which had come over all common and familiar persons and things with Maud Dennison's advent, nor could any one understand it who has not passed through a similar experience. As, however, nine people out of ten have a personal acquaintance with the phenomenon, this inability of mine is of no great consequence. Still, I can not allow every Jack to run away with the idea that his Jill is or was the equivalent of Maud Dennison. I am willing to admit that I might, at that early period of my career, have succumbed to the charms of an ordinary Jill; but, as it happened, such was not my fate.

Everybody acknowledged Maud's influence. She took our little world by storm, and, truth to tell, she ruled us somewhat imperiously. The men submitted at once, and liked it. I am not sure that the gentler sex liked it quite so well just at first; but they submitted all the same. Lady Welby drove over in state to the Rectory, meaning to be very kind and patronizing, and to take the poor motherless girl by the hand, and so forth; and Maud, who did not like being patronized, was so dreadfully polite that she reduced that rather weak-minded old lady to tears. She had another manner with the humbler parishioners; but it was not less effectual, and in the course of a few months she had not only brought about an unprecedented zeal for cleanliness in the village, but had actually persuaded at least half of the women to abandon their Dissenting chapels and return to the bosom of Mother Church, dragging their astonished husbands after them. I myself had a fastidious dislike to entering the dwellings of the poor, of which I was rather proud than ashamed; but it pleased me to see my ideal flitting, like an angel of light, from one shabby cottage to another.

"I suppose it is a real pleasure to you to go about like that, doing good?" I said to her, admiringly, one day.

"It is nothing of the sort," she answered, turning upon me in her quick way; "I utterly abhor it. The two things that I hate most in the world are bad smells and obstinate ignorance; but somebody must look after these people, and make them do what is for their good."

She had absolute confidence in her power to make them do anything that she pleased, and I am bound to say that her confidence was justified by results. To this day I can not understand how she managed to carry out the reforms that she did, without raising up for herself a host of bitter enemies. What proves her to have been no common person is that she made friends instead of foes. Even Mrs. Bunce, that stern Methody and ruthless disciplinarian, of whom the whole village stood in awe, and whom the great Bunce himself, despite his openly avowed contempt for all women-folk, secretly feared—even Mrs. Bunce, I say, softened into smiles at Maud's approach, and, "to please the young lady," consented to attend church for two or three Sundays, and give the Rector a trial. As far as I can remember, the Rector was weighed in the balance and found wanting; but that is neither here nor there.

In all these triumphs I took a pride and pleasure which were only tempered by the thought that the process of achieving them took up a good deal of time which might have been more agreeably employed. It is true that I saw Maud every day of my life; but it was not every day that she could or would come out riding, fishing, or sailing; hence arose disagreements which might have been called lovers' quarrels, only that, unhappily, the love was all upon one side. That she was no longer in ignorance of my entire devotion to her I was convinced; but she was pleased to treat me as a mere boy, and evidently did not take me seriously. This was discouraging, but I consoled myself with the reflection that there was plenty of time before me; and that, if I had not succeeded as yet in touching her heart, I had at least no rival to dispute the prize with me.

George Warren's behavior left nothing to be desired. His admiration for Miss Dennison was as great as it ought to have been, but not any greater. He worshipped her from a respectful distance, seldom spoke to her unless she first addressed him, and although he was our constant companion, generally contrived in a discreet manner to leave us practically alone. Considering how much annoyance he might have caused me by simply ignoring the fact that he was an occasional incumbrance, I could not but feel that this was very gentlemanly and considerate conduct on his part, and I hinted as much to Maud one afternoon when we were lazily reclining in a punt on Thirlby Broad, pretending to fish. George had, as usual, left us, upon the pretext of trying for pike. He had armed himself with a fly about the size of a tom-tit, and of resplendent colors—an insect which one would fain hope has no counterpart in nature, but in which he had a lively faith. To the best of my recollection no pike was ever induced to look at it; but my friend was nothing if not persevering.

"What a good fellow George is!" I said. "I often think he is the best fellow I know."

"He seems to be very good-natured," Maud remarked; "but he always was that."

"Yes; and he's better than good-natured: he's a man whom you can thoroughly depend upon, don't you know—always sure to be at hand when he's wanted, and out of the way when he isn't. That's the sort of man whom I like."

"I dare say you do," said Maud, laughing; "but I don't think he is a very good friend for you."

"Why not?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Well, I think he encourages you to be selfish, and encouragement in that direction is not what you require. You and Mr. Le Marchant have lived together like a couple of old bachelors, till you have got into the way of thinking that everybody and everything must give way to your convenience. It is extremely bad for you."

"Oh, come! You are not going to call Uncle Bernard selfish, I hope," said I.

"Perhaps he is not; I don't know him well enough to say. But I have no doubt about you."

"You are always finding fault with me," I sighed.

"I only do it for your good. Bunce, isn't it true that Mr. Charles is an uncommonly selfish young man?"

"Very like, miss," answered Bunce, who was seated at the other end of the punt, watching our floats, to which neither of us was paying any attention—"very like. They mostly is so. Come to that. So is young women."

"Bunce, what do you mean?"

"Not you, miss; exceptions there is to every rule. I was a-speakin' in a general way; and in a general way o' speakin' you won't find much thought for others, nor what I call sympathy, unless 'tis in here and there a man o' the world, sim'lar to myself. Though p'r'aps I didn't ought to say so."

Bunce was fond of describing himself as a man of the world; and, indeed, he had seen a good deal of the world, in a geographical sense, having enlisted when a lad, and having served his Queen and country in India, at the Cape, and elsewhere. He had brought back with him a large stock of varied information, and also, I am sorry to say, a sublime contempt for his native county, the inhabitants of which, he was wont to declare, had neither "eddication nor manners."

"You'll find Mr. Chawls improve as he grows older, miss," he continued, with perfect gravity. "There's a deal o' truth in what you say about livin' in a dead-and-alive place like this. 'Tain't good for a man—makes him what I call narrer in his views. Times I feel it creepin' on me myself."

"You don't say so, Bunce!"

"I do, indeed, miss. Though, with my missus and my large fam'ly, 'tisn't much chance that I get to be self-indulgent."

"Exactly so; you are obliged to consider other people. Now, if Mr. Charles will only have the sense, when he is old enough, to marry a nice managing woman like Mrs. Bunce, there will be hope for him."

Bunce grunted, and muttered something about a deal of experience being wanted to manage a managing woman; but I thought he had already monopolized rather too much of the conversation, and I now turned my back toward him, and leaning forward, with my elbows on my knees, began to describe to Maud the sort of person whom I should like to marry. Bunce was never any restraint upon the privacy of our intercourse. He commonly stationed himself at the opposite extremity of the punt, and heard no more of what we were saying than we intended him to hear. Maud listened to me with a slight smile upon her parted lips; but her gray eyes were gazing into vacancy, and I am afraid that her attention was not diverted from the current of her own thoughts by my delicate innuendoes.

"No household ought to be without a woman," she said presently. "I am sure you and Mr. Le Marchant would be a great deal happier if you had one at the Hall. By-the-bye, how is Mr. Farquhar?"

"Very bad," I answered. "My uncle thinks he won't get over it. He said this morning that unless there was better news to-morrow he should have to go down to Scotland."

"My father says," Maud went on, "that if Mr. Farquhar dies, perhaps Mrs. Farquhar will come and live at Thirlby. I do hope she will; it would be such a good thing for everybody."

I was about to express my dissent from this view, when Bunce anticipated me by giving a long growl, and shaking his head violently. "We don't want sheä!" he said.

Bunce prided himself upon having shaken off what he called the "outlandish lingo" of his forefathers; but in moments of emotion he would occasionally lapse into broad Norfolk. "We don't want sheä!" he repeated, emphatically.

We both looked at him in some surprise. "You don't like Mrs. Farquhar, Bunce, eh?" I asked, after a short pause.

"I do not, sir," he answered. "More than that, I can't abide her. Talk about a managing woman—O Lord! She come down here once, years ago—time when poor Squire was in the thick of all his sad trouble; and what with her textes and her sermons, she worrited him that way that I'd like to have took and wrung her old neck for her—if I may make so free for to speak my mind. I don't say," continued Bunce, meditatively, "but what there was room for argyment; but to cast it up to Squire that he was to blame for all as happened—why, 'twas what I call neither kindness nor truth. 'Your house is left unto you dissolute,' says she. 'And more shame to you,' thinks I, 'for sayin' so! Quotin' Scriptur' agin your own flesh and blood!—'tis sheer blasphemy!' No; we don't want to see that lady at Thirlby no more."

This outbreak astonished me not a little. Once and only once before had Bunce alluded to some mysterious trouble which had fallen upon the family; but I had not liked to question him about matters which my uncle had not chosen to reveal to me; nor, in all probability, should I have received an answer if I had done so. Maud, naturally, knew of no reason for being so scrupulous.

"What trouble are you talking about, Bunce?" she asked.

Bunce recovered himself at once. "Lor! dear me! if there ain't a bite!" he exclaimed. "Ah, he's off, and took the bait with him, too! That's where 'tis, you see; you can't talk and catch fish at the same time."

I think he was a good deal vexed with himself for having been betrayed into saying so much, for he relapsed into an obstinate silence, and was barely civil to Miss Dennison when he wished her good-evening.

"Is it true that Mrs. Farquhar is so disagreeable?" Maud asked me, presently.

"I don't know anything about her," I answered; "but it doesn't much signify, for I think I can say with some confidence that she won't come to live at Thirlby. I dare say she wouldn't come if she were asked, but she won't be asked."

"How can you tell? After all, she is Mr. Le Marchant's mother."

"Yes; but they have seen very little of one another for the last twenty years. The fact is, I don't think they hit it off particularly well. Anyhow, I agree with Bunce—we don't want her."

Maud was beginning, "I feel sure that she is a very nice old lady," but at this juncture George rejoined us, empty-handed but cheerful, and Mrs. Farquhar escaped further discussion.

When I reached home I found that my uncle had already started for Scotland. A telegram, it appeared, had arrived to say that Mr. Farquhar was dying, and he had just had time to pack his portmanteau and leave, in order to catch the night mail. In spite of what I had said to Maud, this news made me a little uncomfortable. I knew that my uncle's inclinations would be strongly against inviting a third person to share our peaceful and monotonous manner of existence; but I also knew that his own inclinations were the very last thing that would be likely to weigh with him, and I am sure that no one breathed more heartfelt aspirations that night for Mr. Farquhar's recovery than I did.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SERENADE.

[See Illustration on Page 372.]

TENOR (*beneath the window*):

Cum' shinin' out, me fairest lub,
De stars am in de sky;
But soon dey'll hide der wanquished heads,
Ef you jus' wink yo' eye.
De katydids am callin', lub,
Frum eb'ry willer-tree,
An' de katydidn'ts holler back—
Cum' out, me lub, an' see.

ALTO (*at the window*):

Oh! ain't it sweet to lissen at
Him singin' by de moon,
Wid crickets and grasshopperers
A-jinin' in de tune!
"Me fairest lub"—Oh, golly, now,
Dat's me!—Jane Ann Melin.
Be still, me heart, an' let me hear
Dem honey words agin.

BASS (*under the shed*):

Go on, young nigger, chirp away,
Yo' brackbird frum de Souf.
I's 'fraid dat soon yo'll sing a tune
De odder side yo' mouf.
Yo' wouldn't be so chipper, guess,
About "me fairest lub,"
Ef yo' knowed de ole man war aroun',
A-waitin' wid a club!

THE SECRET OF A LARCH-TREE.

A LADY, young, pretty, blonde, sparkled with diamonds as she danced, herself the magnet of all eyes, amidst the music, light, and revelry of the August night at Silver Spring. Diamonds twinkled in the fair hair, poised there as a butterfly; diamonds trembled like dew-drops about the snowy throat, and formed a blazing pendent medallion amidst the flowers of the satin corsage; diamonds flashed in the tiny ears and on each dimpled wrist.

"What a lucky fellow Delaunay was to secure such a prize!" said the masculine voice unanimously.

"I wonder she dares to carry such jewels about with her; it is very bad taste to wear them at a hotel hop," was the feminine verdict.

"Professor Horton, do you see the lady with the diamonds?" inquired the Colonel, with his soft, good-natured laugh.

"Yes, I see her. What then?" retorted the Professor, grimly.

"Oh, nothing at all, only the Silver Spring will be regarded as a fashionable resort, what with our new Bellevue Hotel and such guests. Next year we shall be able to hold up our heads with Saratoga and Newport, if we can add a racecourse and club-house, sir." Here the Colonel rubbed his hands together with a gesture which has become traditional with the hotel proprietor of all ages.

"Silly women, decked with diamonds—clubs—race-courses!" echoed Professor Horton, contemptuously. "Our Silver Spring will be ruined by such follies, and all respectable habitués will quit the spot forever. I have been here every season for fifteen years, and—"

"Will come fifteen years more, I hope," interpolated the Colonel, adroitly. The fat landlord adjusted the collar which imprisoned his own rosy face, a countenance most suggestive of the oyster suppers of Silver Spring.

The face of Professor Horton was lean, sallow, and dolorous, on the contrary, and was clouded by the discontent of one who has a grievance to lay at the door of circumstance.

"Fiddlesticks!" he retorted, sharply. "I will engage the state apartments of Union Hall or the Ocean House sooner than return here. Mrs. Delaunay is the name, eh? Are the diamonds real?"

"Real! They are of the purest water, and cost seventy-five thousand dollars, I am told. She was an heiress, you know, and when she married last year, the accumulated interest of her minority was invested in these jewels." Such was the Colonel's glib explanation.

"Who is her partner?" pursued the Professor.

"Oh, the French Marquis de Ratti. They say he followed Mrs. Delaunay here, after being all about in society at New York and Washington last winter."

"I do not believe in foreign noblemen," grumbled the Professor. "They prove to be valets and barbers more often than not."

Professor Horton's benevolent bulbous nose acquired a satirical aspect, his shrewd gray eyes twinkled behind a rim of his spectacles, while his humorous mouth twitched beneath the grizzled beard. He surveyed the animated scene much as a naturalist inspects an insect under a microscope. The Marquis de Ratti was not at all the typical Frenchman in appearance, although well dressed and easy in bearing. He was a large, powerfully built man of uncertain age, with cold light eyes and irregular massive features; his hands and feet were huge, muscular, and powerful, despite the sheathing of kid and leather.

"He looks more like a prize-fighter than a gentleman; but perhaps the prize-fighting element is the highest evidence of blood among the nobility," mused this republican spectator. "Humph! I should not care to meet *him* on a dark night. He might crack my skull like an egg-shell between finger and thumb. Oh, the customs of fashion! That young husband, leaning against the wall, permits the Marquis de Ratti to waltz with his wife, instead of knocking him down for his impudence."

At this moment a pretty girl appeared behind the Professor and the landlord, with round fair face and hair meekly brushed back from the temples, and ingenuous blue eyes. The pretty girl smoothed her neat apron and lowered her eyes demurely as she demanded, in the softest of voices, "If you please, sir, may I have my tea?"

"Mrs. Delaunay's English maid, Alice," explained the Colonel, when he had granted the request.

Why did Professor Horton follow the English maid, so young, so genteel and demure, with his eye? He could not tell. He saw her pause outside another window, where the Marquis de Ratti was taking the air, the dance being over, and it seemed to the observer that the two exchanged a glance, a smile, a swift signal, before the girl disappeared around the corner of the house.

"We only lack the gallantries of noblemen and ladies'-maids to complete the ruin of our Silver Spring," muttered this stern moralist, whose ideas were so very old-fashioned. He sought his own chamber gloomily, for in addition to perturbation of mind, owing to having his sylvan retreat invaded by the Philistines of fashion, he was literally broken by bodily fatigue. He had rambled many miles that day, botanizing in the valleys, and seeking geological specimens on adjacent hills. His shoes were dusty, his raiment brier-torn, his loose sack-coat freighted with the "rubbish" precious to the savant in the wide external pockets, while rheumatic twinges in knee and back reminded him that he was no longer young, thereby increasing his exasperation. Then to return to a hotel where all the world was dancing, and one woman was decked like an idol with seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The Professor's cup of bitterness brimmed over at these reflections. The room was stiflingly hot, but he lighted his lamp, and forced himself to read an extract from Dr. Döllinger, while moths blundered about the flame, frying themselves to a condition of unpleasant crispness, and mosquitoes stung his temples. His watch marked midnight, and still the movement of the ball-room and the twang of musical instruments reached his ear, precluding the possibility of sleep.

"Squeak, squeak, fiddles! Boom away, bass-viols! Keep it up until morning, by all means. I wonder if that is the music of the future? *A-a-h!*" Here the listener clinched his teeth, with a truly diabolical expression of countenance, as the violins shuddered over his nervous system, snatched up his broad felt hat, and strode out-of-doors, actuated by the impulse of escape.

The night was sultry and oppressive. The Professor breathed a sigh of relief as he quitted the vicinity of the hotel, which sparkled with many lights through the trees like an ogre's eye. Darkness and the obscurity of shrubbery welcomed him abroad at this unusual hour. He strolled about the gravel paths, fanning himself with his hat, and paused beneath the projecting roof of the ornamented kiosque of the Silver Spring.

"There will be a thunder-storm before morning," soliloquized the Professor, replacing his hat.

All was deliciously still here, and far below, guarded by the encircling basin, bubbled the Silver Spring, cool and limpid, source of health, as the Professor firmly believed. Had not the nymph of the fountain spread her wings in startled flight in the disastrous change from rural tranquillity to a fashionable resort? The Professor leaned on the parapet, and peered into the crystal depths of the spring, musing in this vein. As he did so he perceived two persons advancing from opposite directions to meet a few yards distant from himself. They proved to be a man and a woman, and they scarcely paused before separating again with the same rapidity of movement as they had met.

"Wait for me," said the woman. "I shall have to manage, to get away at all."

"I will wait until morning," replied the man.

"She is sure to dance to the very last, you know," added the woman.

"Don't lose your head, that's all," admonished the man.

"I lose my head, indeed!" retorted the woman, whose voice and bearing were youthful.

The Professor moved slowly away, scarcely heeding these words wafted to his ear by a passing breeze. At an angle of the path was a rustic bench beneath a larch-tree, known as Professor Horton's favorite seat. Hither he directed his steps in an irritated mood, and sank down on it in sheer weariness. The scent of flowers reached him, while the foliage seemed to spread above him "fragrant robes of darkness." Grateful repose succeeded noise and light, lulling all his senses to soft oblivion: he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and opened his eyes with a bewildered uncertainty as to surrounding objects. The trees swayed wildly in the rising wind; a few large drops of rain fell heavily among the leaves; lightning quivered on the horizon. Suddenly a female form bent over him, some small object was thrust into his hand, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"I am early. She had a headache. Quick! take them, or I shall be missed."

The thunder rolled, the trees swayed, the woman vanished. Professor Horton winked several times, and opened his mouth to speak, then closed his lips without sound. The object thus unexpectedly consigned to his care was a small leather bag, scarcely more than a tobacco pouch, and heavy. Mechanically he thrust it into one of the wide pockets of his loose coat. Hark! A heavy footstep crushed the gravel on the path to the right. The Professor rose to his own feet as if moved by a spring, his knees shook, his teeth chattered, a deadly fear smote him.

Fear of what evil? He did not know. To shrink to the left, gain the next clump of shrubbery, and conceal himself, was the work of a moment, and accomplished with the more ease that he knew every inch of ground from long familiarity. Had he not planted many of these trees, which now proved friends? The hiding-place gained was a larch surrounded by stiff little Japanese cedars, and forming a sort of labyrinth Scarcely had the Professor glided into this shelter than a vivid sheet of lightning illuminated the whole country side. *He saw himself seated on the rustic bench beneath the larch-tree!* He could not believe the evidence of his own senses; the breath remained suspended on his lips. Had he been a devout Catholic he would have crossed himself, invoking the protection of a calendar of saints; a chill of superstitious dread certainly stagnated his blood. Was he to believe that his hour had come? There sat his own image on the rustic bench, the soft felt hat pulled down over the brow, the broad shoulders, the slouching nondescript attire: nothing was lacking to complete the resemblance. Was he still asleep, victim of nightmare, or had he gone mad? He pinched his flesh and rubbed his eyes violently. The figure under the larch-tree did not vanish. Swift realization of the truth dawned on the drowsy scholar. He was alone, at a distance from the now silent hotel, and he had in his pocket a bag which belonged to the other. What if this unknown had found him still on the bench? What if he emerged now, accosted the stranger, and gave him the bag?

"I should be murdered as surely as there is a Heaven above us," shuddered the man of letters, with a conviction for which he could give no reason.

At this juncture the wind freshened, and the rain fell in torrents, while the lightning became less frequent. Professor Horton quitted the larch-tree, reached the hotel with surprising agility, found a window of the recent ball-room unfastened, groped his way through that deserted apartment, and gained his own chamber. *The bag was gone.* He had lost it from the wide pocket, probably in his flight. His watch marked two o'clock. The Professor extinguished his candle, opened the shutters of the window, and seated himself with his eyes fixed on the eastern horizon. He was a prey to the most exciting emotions.

Professor Horton was the first votary of the Silver Spring abroad next morning. If he was feverish and haggard, with a stealthy, even furtive aspect, the boy at the fountain did not notice the circumstance. Always an early riser, the Professor sipped a glass of the sparkling water, and then walked along the upper paths of the grounds. Cautiously he skirted the rustic seat beneath the larch-tree, and approached the larch. A short, dry laugh of triumph escaped the lips of the usually undemonstrative student. A leather bag, half pouch, lay, concealed by the long grass, beneath the spreading boughs. The larch-tree had kept its secret well. The bag remained where it had fallen from the Professor's wide pocket. He clutched it, returned to his room, and proceeded to investigate the contents. *The little bag held the Delaunay diamonds.* Necklace, bracelet, butterfly ornament—nothing was lacking in this precious heap swept hastily from cumbersome case and casket.

Five minutes later the rosy landlord was seized by the collar, dragged into his private office, and confronted by Professor Horton, whose agitation verged on sheer lunacy. The latter took from his pocket a little bag, and poured out the Delaunay diamonds, telling a wild and incoherent tale meanwhile about a larch-tree and midnight rambles.

"Nobody would believe it, you know," said the Colonel, coolly. The hotel proprietor is never surprised in this world.

"Take the trinkets, and restore them in your own way. Do not mention me in the transaction," retorted the Professor. He stooped and plunged his fingers once more into the rainbow of precious stones with a sort of intoxication; the starry rays of rose and blue dazzled, blinded him. "Beautiful and fatal gift to man!" he murmured, with parched lips.

The Colonel closed one eye, with the aspect of a sagacious bird.

Professor Horton sought his bed, and slept heavily until four o'clock in the afternoon. He was awakened by voices, and peered through the shutters of his window. A carriage waited to take the Delaunay party to the steamboat on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Delaunay were already seated, while Alice, the maid, had paused to reply to the head waiter, after which she re-entered the hotel. At this moment Professor Horton's door was opened, and the Colonel entered with the bouncing swiftness of movement peculiar to fat men in haste. If the conduct of the Professor had been extraordinary in the morning when he had restored the jewels, that of the Colonel was not less so in the afternoon. He locked the door, made a warning gesture to the Professor, and stole on tiptoe to a second door at the extremity of the large room, where he lay down on the floor and applied eye and ear to the crack. Voices became audible in the adjoining chamber.

"I was there at one o'clock, and gave it you," said a woman.

"A lie! I waited all night, and you did not come," said a man.

"I gave it to a person under the tree, and he took it," gasped the woman.

"Fool! Then the game is up. Get yourself dismissed at Newport, and cut to New York. If I believed you were tricky, my girl, it would be the worse for you."

There was a sound of footsteps, and immediately afterward the Delaunay carriage rolled away.

The Colonel rose to his feet, chuckling at the success of his stratagem.

"Set a thief—ahem!—I mean a woman to catch a woman. My wife thought of having the English maid sent back in search of a missing bag, in order to give her a chance to communicate with her accomplice in the hotel, if she had one. The bag was dropped in the empty room next to you, for the purpose, and a man joined her there. Your story is amply corroborated, you see, by the few words exchanged."

"I believe the Marquis de Ratti is the accomplice, and no more a Frenchman than you are," exclaimed the Professor.

"So do I; but how to prove it?" rejoined the Colonel.

"You should have them arrested," urged the Professor.

"What is the charge? Your adventures of the night? The noble Marquis is caught whispering with a pretty girl? No, no; I gave back the diamonds to Mr. Delaunay—with a suitable explanation—and he has carried them away in a money-belt. We alone know the whole truth."

"And the larch-tree," added the Professor.

"It was the noble larch-tree that kept the secret, my friend. Well, well, I hope you are pleased with the fashionable elements attracted to our Silver Spring. Doubtless the Marquis de Ratti and the demure English maid Alice belong to one of those bands of English thieves who are said to keep a map of country-seats with reference to the plate chest, and are now trying their fortune in America. How beautiful they were—those diamonds!"

The Marquis de Ratti departed by the nine-o'clock boat that same evening. His foreign accent was never more apparent than when he took leave of Silver Spring.

"THE KNEELING NUN."

THIS beautiful picture, by DAVID NEAL, an American long resident in Munich, was painted in 1881, and exhibited at Munich, Hamburg, and Berlin with marked success. Critics of the German press were eloquent in its praise. It was purchased in 1881 by an American gentleman for a private collection, and we believe it has not been exhibited in this country. The original study for the picture was later finished to the order of an American purchaser, and was briefly exhibited at the Century Club last spring.

Our illustration, which is from the large picture, represents a young and saintly "bride of heaven" at her devotions in an under-ground chapel of the tenth century. The subject was suggested to Mr. NEAL by the ballad of UHLAND, in which he beautifully illustrates the vivifying powers of faith by a ray of light penetrating down into a crypt—"O Strahl des Lichts," etc. From the back of the altar before which the nun kneels the "gladsome light" falls upon her face and form with illumining effect, which the artist treated in a most skillful manner. It is real morning sunlight, but somewhat subdued by the sombre place into which it falls. The pose of the figure is perfectly in harmony with the spiritualized expression of the radiant upturned face. The rapt soul in her fervor hails the life-giving sunbeam as Heaven's messenger to her spirit. It brings no discontent with her imprisonment. No far-away flower breath stirs her heart, no remembered bird-song thrills back on her memory. She seems absorbed in a religious ecstasy. This is purely portrayed, without the slightest tendency to the weak sentimental; rather it is severely true.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"WHISKEY can't play ball," says a Philadelphia newspaper. Although the pertinence of the observation is not apparent at this distance, its truth can not be disputed, and the remark is noteworthy as being almost the only favorable thing which can be truthfully said about the liquid in question.

Journals along the Southern coast are congratulating the Secretary of the Navy on the fact that he felt not the slightest seasickness while riding across the East River Bridge.

Some specialist should turn his attention to ascertaining the degree in which the manifestations of alcoholism are affected by the sensational topic which happens to be uppermost in any given community. Since the occurrence of this season's cyclones in the West and Southwest the most remarkable stories are told by persons of those regions concerning the cyclones they claim to have seen in the air. An Illinois man reports that while standing on the top of a hill he saw "five distinct cyclones" in the west and south, "travelling in a northerly direction at a terrific rate of speed." They resembled "huge balls of cloud," and appeared at times to come to the ground, and then bound to a great height. When near the earth they were of a greenish color, and as they arose they became illuminated.

"No holsee in flontee!" screamed one of three Chinamen who entered a cable street car in Philadelphia, staring wildly ahead.

"No holsee backee!" yelled another, rushing toward the rear of the car.

"No sabee," remarked the third, seating himself and crossing his legs, "go like ev'lything, allee same."

It is estimated that at least a hundred times as many ladies from the United States visit the Old World as there are European ladies who visit this country.

The Emperor of Brazil is going to visit Europe again. It is recalled that in the course of his last visit to England he used to make appointments to inspect public institutions at five or six o'clock. The custodians supposed that he meant in the afternoon, but found to their great dismay that he meant five or six o'clock in the morning, and that he was always punctual.

On the evening of the East River Bridge opening two residents of Olive Bridge, in this State, went to the top of High Point, one of the Catskill peaks, to see whether anything of the fireworks would be visible at that distance. They obtained their bearings before darkness came on. They report that they were rewarded by seeing a number of the rockets, dimly, but still quite distinctly. High Point is some 4400 feet above tide-water, and about one hundred miles from New York.

Residents of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, are awakening to the fact that they have a historical relic of considerable interest in the midst of them. Surrounded by dilapidated tenements, and itself occupied as the domicile of a poor family, is the old Fort Duquesne block-house. Steps have been taken to open a public park around the relic.

"General Longstreet believes that the sixty-five thousand colored voters of Georgia are slowly gravitating toward the Democratic party." Gravitation and immigration are responsible for about all the increase that has come to the Democratic party in late years.

It is announced that Lieutenant Schwatka, the arctic explorer, has offered to join Commander Cheyne in his proposed trip to the north pole by balloon. Commander Cheyne recently visited this country for the purpose of awakening an interest in his scheme. He did not succeed so far as to obtain offers of pecuniary aid sufficient to materially assist him, and he took his departure. The setting out of the Nordenskjöld expedition for Greenland has incited Commander Cheyne to renewed exertions, and there seems to be a probability that his plan will be tested.

The little city of Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, is polyglot in respect to its newspapers. Besides its several Roumanian papers, there are four printed in French, two in German, and one each in Italian, Greek, Hungarian, and Bulgarian.

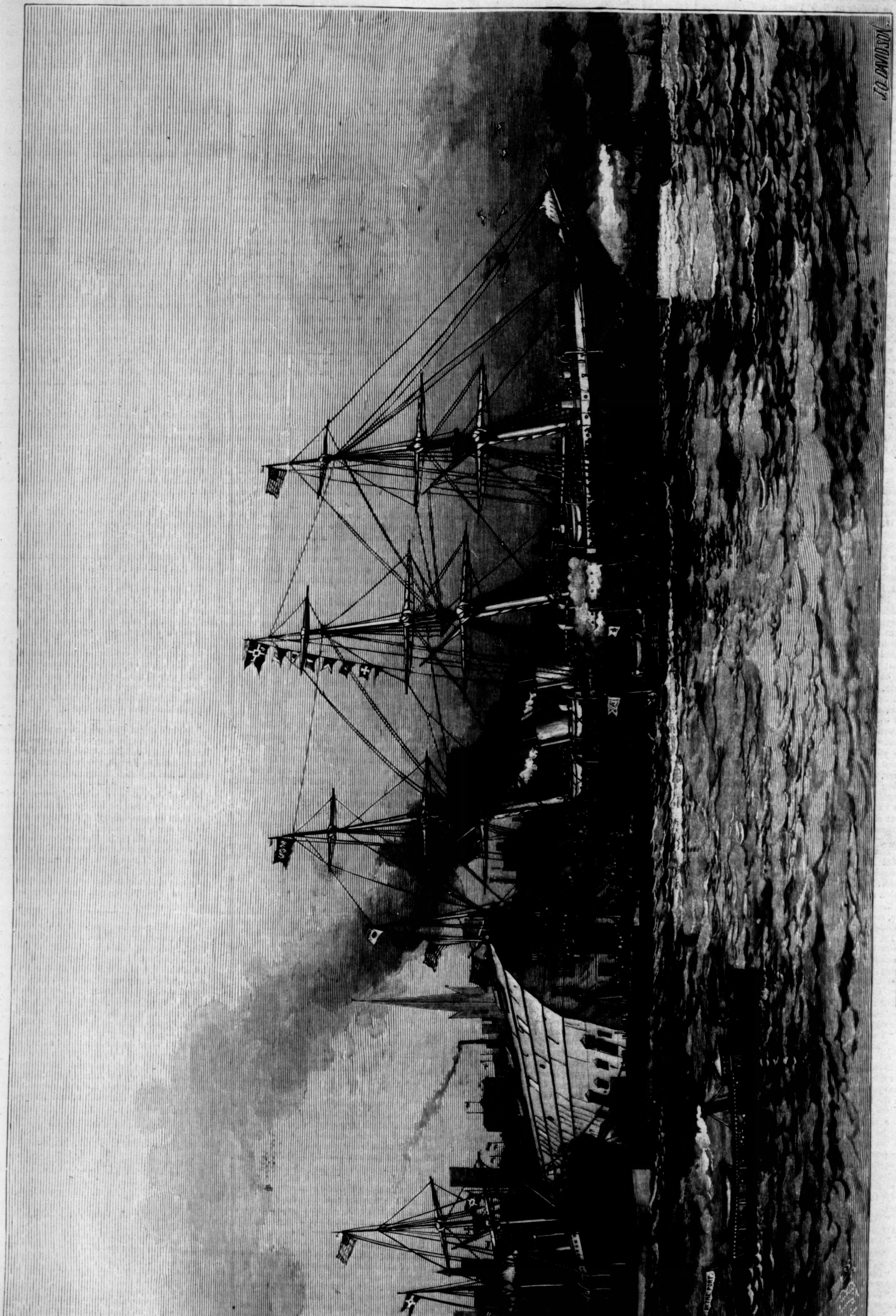
One of the results of a lawsuit recently tried in California is to give definiteness to the phrase "a right smart chance." A witness testified that he saw a right smart chance of hogs invading the plaintiff's field. The Court asked him to put this into figures, and he testified that in Arkansas and Missouri "a right smart chance" meant fourteen. The judge instructed the jury to consider the phrase equivalent to fourteen, and damages to the full amount claimed were awarded the plaintiff.

The final case to come before the Court of Claims under the provisions of the act of March, 1863, relative to seized and abandoned property in the Southern States, has been adjusted by that tribunal. The records of the court show that nearly all of the property taken possession of by government agents, to which this act applied, was cotton. Seventeen hundred and seventy-eight claims to parts of this property were filed, and the total amount claimed was $77,785,962. The government realized $31,722,466 from its sale, of which $6,551,000 went to pay the cost of selling and collecting. The amount paid to persons from whom property was taken was about thirteen million dollars, leaving a balance, after deducting other expenses, of between ten and eleven millions in the Treasury. This will remain the property of the United States.

JUDGE FORAKER.

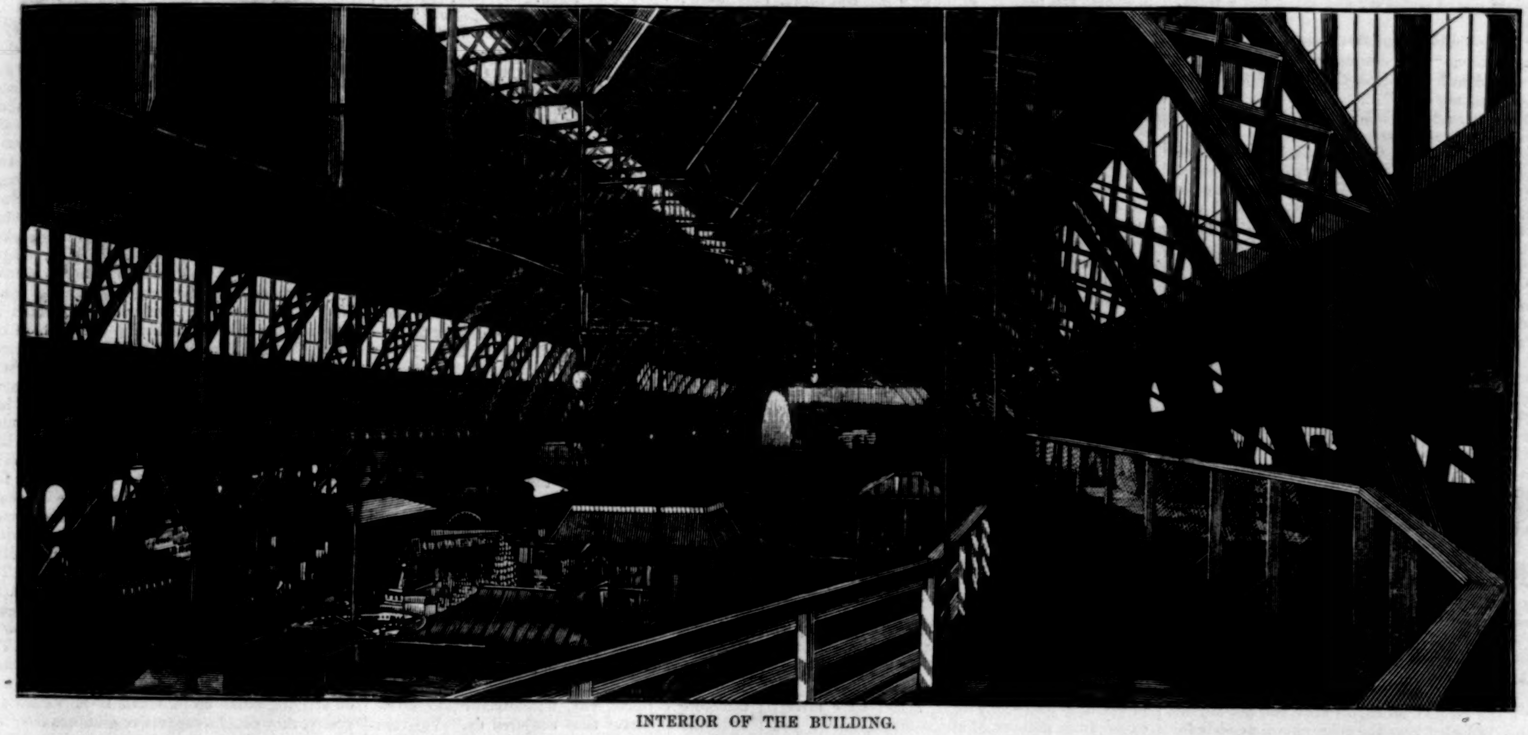
THE HON. JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is a native of that State. He was born near Rainsborough on the 5th of July, 1846. He entered the army when only sixteen years old, as a private in the Eighty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, having much difficulty in passing muster on account of his youth. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of Captain, and accompanied his regiment through the war, being most of the time with SHERMAN'S forces. For some time he was attached to General SLOCUM'S staff.

On the cessation of hostilities he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, but completed his studies at Cornell, where he graduated in 1869, and was soon afterward admitted to the bar at Cincinnati. In 1879 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, but resigned last year because of temporary ill health.

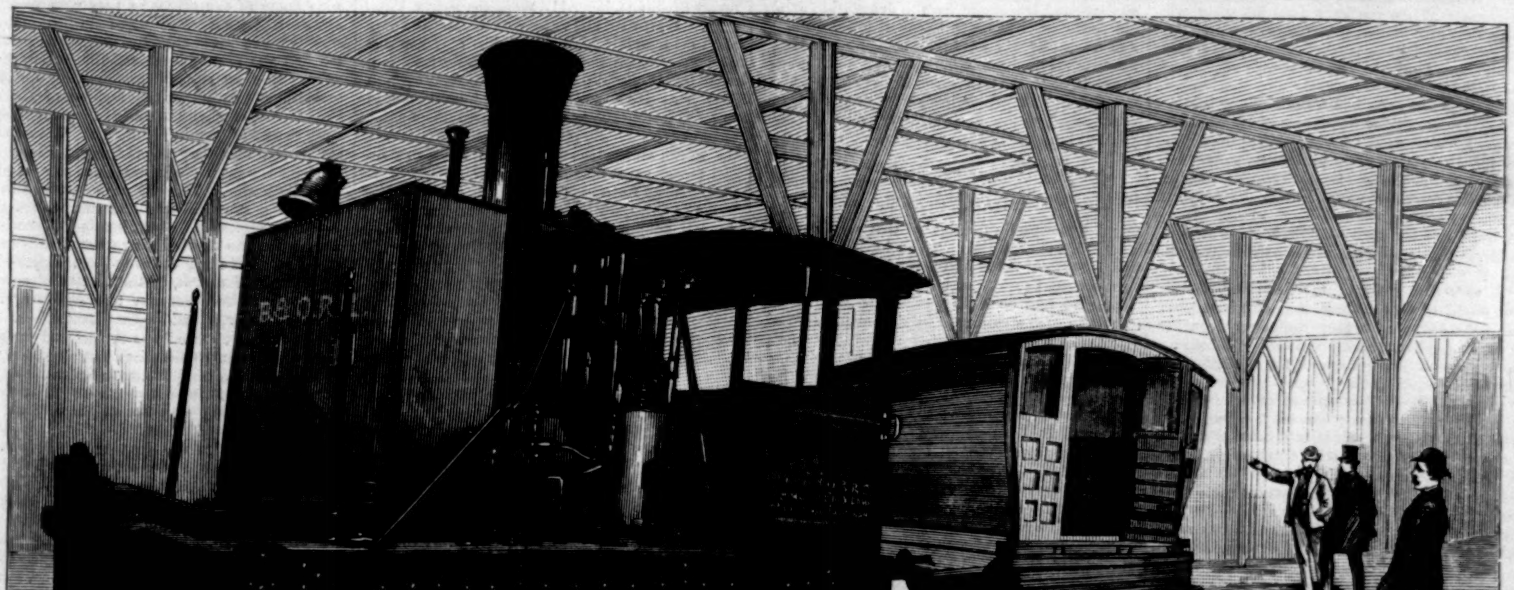


STEAMER DAY IN NEW YORK—THE GRAND SUMMER RUSH FOR EUROPE.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 379.]

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.



INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING.



THE LOCOMOTIVE "ARABIAN," WITH OLD-FASHIONED PASSENGER-CAR.

THE RAILROAD EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COPELIN.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Precisely at twelve of the clock Mrs. Bumstead ushered Arthura with due form and ceremony into Mr. Constantine's bed-chamber, there to receive an impression she never forgot as long as she lived. If he were marvellous to look at by daylight, his complexion then wearing the smoothness and lustre of polished ivory, how was the effect heightened by the dim light of shaded lamps and rich shadows of crimson bed-hangings? Under a spacious canopy lay Mr. Constantine, not vulgarized by the orthodox night-cap of our grandfathers, but having for head-gear a finely spun shawl or cufiah of Oriental silk, twisted round his head turban-wise, and showing gorgeous interweavings of scarlet and gold. His night-gown, if it is permitted to describe such a garment, was no less peculiar, having an outer covering of soft Persian silk, warm in color as the turban, whilst the lining was of finest linen, with elaborately embroidered wrist-bands and collar, and underneath this was yet another and a still finer and softer garment, worn for comfort, and not for grace. Thus beautifully apparelled, Mr. Constantine might well receive midnight visitors without scruple, and being accustomed to see one fair reader after another, offered no apology when Arthura made her appearance. Her own dress was too striking to be passed by without comment. She wore a loose gown of crimson satin, wadded after the fashion of the olden time—a gown so simple, so stately, and withal so matronly that whilst it added indescribably to her beauty, it also lent added years and gravity. This sumptuous woman was surely no mere girl of character and spirit, but a tragedy queen.

"Place yourself quite at your ease," said Mr. Constantine; "and—let me see—what can we have to-night? Read me the titles of the books before you, my dear."

Arthura read: "*Vathek; The Bride of Lammermoor; The Mysteries of Paris.*"

"Ah," sighed Mr. Constantine, "would there were a score such! I love a story, but I never can find one nowadays. Your writers have no imagination. Yet hath this age produced one novel. You must know it, my dear—the book writ by the parson's daughter?"

"*Jane Eyre?*"

"You have said it. Now I am no lover of parsons, but I am ready to forgive all the pig-headedness of the race, from Calvin downward, for the sake of that little witch's performance."

"Oh, why call her a witch, sir?"

"My dear, 'tis the finest compliment I can pay her. Who were the witches and wizards of the Dark Ages but the knowing ones, the inventors? The parsons burned 'em all, and if that little Yorkshire girl had written her book four hundred years ago, she would have gone to the stake with the rest. Her own father would have set fire to the fagots. The first woman who invented a gown was sewed up in it and drowned, depend on it, and the first man who baked a loaf of bread shut up in his oven and baked too. No wonder we are all so stupid, seeing that we are begotten of the ninnies and dunderheads who never invented anything. But the reading—well, let us have a chapter of the *Mysteries of Paris*, unless you know a good ghost story. Think."

Arthura thought. Yes, she knew one or two, she said.

"Close the book, then, my dear, and tell me the first. We must keep the other choice morsels for to-morrow. When you have done the story, you will find my imagination thoroughly alert; I shall then require only the marvels and horrors that are dear and familiar. These always soothe me to sleep."

Arthura could not resist a smile.

"You are amused at the nature of my soporific, my dear? Well, there is no accounting for tastes. Now for your story. Pile portent upon portent, mystery upon mystery. Be not afraid of making the hair to stand on end. Freeze the blood if you can. So begin."

Arthura told her story—a family ghost story—and Mr. Constantine expressed himself much gratified.

"A very pretty horror, my dear, and it does great credit to your house. A good ghost story is as aristocratic as a long pedigree. Now for the reading. You tell me you are no musician. Are you versed in the music of the nose?"

Arthura looked blank.

"Can you discern between a snort and a snore? We snort wide awake; we only snore when asleep. As soon as you hear the latter sound, turn down the lamp and steal softly away. But you must not mistake the prelude for the performance, the tuning of the instrument for the melody itself."

Arthura took up the book and began to read. And long she read, for Mr. Constantine seemed unusually alert, and even restless.

"The fact is, my dear," he said, "your voice is new to me. 'Twill do its work better to-morrow. And I can't help looking at your wonderful gown, fit for a female Prospero, a beautiful sorceress. Where did you get it, my Prospera?"

"Miss Hermitage gave it to me as a birthday present, sir," Arthura made meek reply.

"I wish I had a diamond star to give you. It wants a diamond star. I had one years ago. That little hussy Polly got it from me." He had lain his head on the pillow, with closed eyes, but now started up uneasily. "Good heavens! what have I been talking about?" he said. "I do lose the thread of my discourse, I know, sometimes. What have I just said, my dear?"

"You said something about Polly, sir," Arthura replied, demurely.

"No indiscretion, I hope? Polly—yes, it was Polly. The saucy minx! But continue, my dear. Don't let me talk. Give me to drink of mandragora."

Arthura went on, and for a long time Mr. Constantine lay in a half drowse, with a smile on his lips, the picture of a placid contentment. Every word did not reach him, but he caught the meaning brokenly, as the scents of a summer garden reach us through a door that is opened and shut. And at last the voice did its work; Mr. Constantine slept indeed, and Arthura left him, herself in need of no mandragora. The next day and the next were spent in the same way—a happy afternoon with Steppie and the children, and a midnight reading and colloquy with Mr. Constantine. Arthura soon found out that he liked to lead up to the reading by a little talk; and strange yet fascinating were Mr. Constantine's nocturnal discourses, the books on his shelves hardly more so.

"Observe," he said, on the third night, "the order and contents of my library—my midnight library. You will soon become acquainted with an odder one, I'll warrant. 'Tis the completest in the world. There you may find *Scipio's Dream*. That holds a foremost place. And the visit of Ulysses (they've changed his name since I went to school) to the phantoms of those who fought at Troy. And the Magic Doctor of the great Spaniard (his name escapes me). And the ghost-seer of the greater German. How names slip from me! Visionaries, illuminati, dreamers, necromancers—not a poet or prose man who has written of the unseen world but is here. I love them all. We have no better teachers."

"Do you believe, then, in ghosts, sir?" asked Arthura, innocently.

"You misunderstand me, my dear. The belief in ghosts has nothing to do with it. But think, now, who but those men and women lift the veil from the palpable and the familiar, which for the most part is gross and mean? A touch of the supernatural reminds us that we are part spirit, not all flesh. We should, must be, mysteries to ourselves, or life has no meaning. Well, take up what book you will. Wave your wand, my Prospera, and conduct me into the land of shadows."

"*Frankenstein* lies on the table, sir."

"Read that. 'Twas writ by the daughter of one seraphic spirit, the wife of another, herself a rare genius. And the world—that is, the parson's—would fain have burned 'em all three. But read, my dear, read."

And once more Mr. Constantine listened for an hour or so, with a placid smile upon his lips, fairly slumbering at last. By the fourth night Arthura had grown accustomed to her task, and found it pleasant enough. She herself loved a ghost story, and delighted Mr. Constantine with one or two, which, being family traditions, he now heard for the first time.

"On my word, you are a promising disciple. The other ladies, one and all, poor creatures, used to quake with fear when they came into my room, so Bumstead told me, and were afraid to creep upstairs alone afterward. *Scipio's Dream* and *The Vision of Mirza* they did not mind, *Frankenstein* drove them mad, and *The Ghost-Seer* lost me many readers. They would rather beg for bread than read such things at midnight, they declared. You are always in the humor. Well, what book lies open before you?"

"'Tis a volume in manuscript, sir, and the first page opens with 'Pompey's Vision.'"

"Ah! my manuscript volume. My posy! my phial of elixir! 'Tis a collection of choice fragments and pieces, my dear, that I have myself culled from authors of all countries, ancient and modern, and translated for the delectation of my old age. We will begin to-day at the beginning, and work our way gradually to the end. Stop, however: I had something to ask you. What might it be? Ah! I remember now." Mr. Constantine now raised his head from the pillow, and sitting up, put the following question: "Would you tell me exactly what you think of Valerian?"

CHAPTER XXV.

"I know really nothing of this young man," added Mr. Constantine. "You have lived under the same roof with him for upward of a year. You should be quick at reading character, unless I misread your own. Appraise him."

"Was ever a man read by a woman, sir?"

"On my word, a spirited reply. But something of Valerian's disposition and nature generally you must have learned. We find out if a human being is good or bad, amiable or sour, just as we can tell the color of his eyes or hair. I am particularly interested in Valerian just now, not on his own account, I confess, but on Stephana's."

Arthura, ever bravest of the brave, truest of the true, made quiet answer. She had heard nothing, she said.

"What manner of man is this Valerian?" continued Mr. Constantine. "Has he understanding—a heart?"

"None if he marries Stephana," Arthura said.

"And why?"

"Because he does not love her, sir, nor will she ever love him."

"I feel pretty certain of that too. But, my dear, wedlock need not presuppose love. People marry for position, for advancement, for a thousand motives besides love."

"The more's the pity."

"Ah! you are romantic, I see. Well, for Valerian. Is he amiable?"

"Not if he marries Stephana without loving her, sir."

"True. Stephana is adorable. But if she, of her own free-will, marries Valerian in order to advance his fortunes, what then? Is he worthy of the sacrifice?"

"He would prove himself unworthy beforehand by accepting it."

"I protest she has an answer for everything. There was a French king, my dear, who loved wit better than war. He would have divorced his dull Savoyard and made you his queen."

"That would have been a pity, sir."

"Why a pity? Have you no ambition?"

"Once his queen, sir, he would have had no more wit out of me."

Mr. Constantine laughed heartily.

"True again. 'Tis wonderful how use and custom stale us all. The philosopher is ever a bore to the wife of his bosom. But not one good word for Valerian?"

"As many as you please, provided he does not marry Stephana. She is a rare woman!" cried Arthura, passionately.

"And he is not rare by any means. Clever, nevertheless, versatile, accommodating, and, as far as I have been able to judge, kind-hearted and agreeable."

Arthura was dumb.

"Poor Valerian. Then you really have nothing to say on his behalf?"

"Everything if we do not couple his name with Stephana's," Arthura now said, warmly. "She is a noble, almost an unearthly being. There is nothing worldly about her. He has many excellent qualities, but he is ordinary flesh and blood."

"And in Stephana's veins flows the true ichor. Well, what more?"

"To place us beside giants dwarfs us even if we are full-sized," Arthura went on. "Valerian must not, dare not, marry Stephana. She would but appear more magnanimous, he more ordinary, by comparison. And Stephana could never influence him, never reach him from her high spheres. They would dwell aloof. It would be isolation for both."

"Just my own conclusion. My dear, the fact is (putting the Stephanas aside), there are only two kinds of women in the world, the woman who can flirt and the woman who can not. Ten generations of female legislators may evolve a third species, but 'tis yet in the germ. Now Valerian must marry among his equals, and leave the goddess alone. But away with realities. Into the calm gray world of phantoms where I feel more at home, my Prospera! How opens the page?"

"We have come to 'The Sensitive Plant,' sir."

"Ay, I know every line by heart; but no matter. Stephana reminds me of the lady who tended the flowers, and like her she should vanish mysteriously. Read, good Prospera."

Arthura read in spite of that sinking of the heart she had so valiantly concealed. She was shocked and disconcerted; but she said to herself: For the moment only. Do what they might, Valerian would, must remain true to her. Foolish fears! Unworthy trepidation! A dozen Stephanas could not alter the fact that he loved her, and was her own Valerian—no hero, she admitted, but good enough to love and be loved, heroic enough to be true. Nevertheless, Mr. Constantine's revelation haunted her. Valerian's loyalty was being put to the proof. The sweet security of yesterday was rudely disturbed. Not doubt, not misgiving, only uneasiness, crept in, where all before had been serene confidence and perfect understanding. What made her position most trying was the fact that she dared not write to her lover. One brief note had come from him, in which he said that he should contrive a visit to London soon for the purpose of seeing her. Barring its brevity, the love-letter was perfect, every word breathing confidence and chivalrous devotion. And she should see him soon. It was therefore childish, nay, unreasonable, to dwell upon the chimeras thus conjured up. Valerian marry Stephana, indeed! Stephana marry Valerian! Who that knew the pair could for a moment contemplate such a possibility? There was no lien between them, and Valerian's best and most genial qualities but seemed to separate him from her. He loved the world, and never showed to more advantage than when displaying his urbane character. Stephana loved all that was not the world, and evidently regarded Valerian's social power as so much energy misapplied. Stephana cared for none of the things in which Valerian excelled, whilst to Valerian Stephana's self was all unapproachableness and mystery. But why this battling with windmills? Valerian loved her. Valerian was true. Nothing more was said on the subject, and the days passed uneventfully. No Valerian, no falling off in lover-like little notes, no tidings of a nature either to allay or disquiet. They were preparing for a grand entertainment on New-Year's Day, Valerian wrote. Would she were there! He was more than busy; he was really harassed by all the details that had to be gone into, and no one to help him. "It was really unkind of my cousin to send you off just when you might have been so useful to me," wrote Valerian, his letters, to a line, a mirror of himself. "But it was a kind of freak I am ever prepared for. Who knows but that I may be cast adrift next? Though—forgive the scolding, dearest—you were not docile, you disobeyed my prayers and injunctions (I saw the dark looks, the impatience, the frowns, as well as Christina). Would it not have been better—a thousand times better—to remain, putting on a little gayety when required? We at least saw each other, spoke to each other—even once perhaps in a week whispered five words to each other. Now many things I fain would whisper I can not write, and 'tis all (can you deny it?) your fault. Well, I love you as dearly as ever any man loved a woman; so forgive me. If I did not love you, should I dare to let you see the real state of the case, which is that your own Valerian is sadly out of patience, spirits, and temper at this especial moment? I'll be an angel when I write to-morrow."

That letter put Arthura in spirits, and she went through her duties with sparkling grace and gayety. Why use the word duty? Every moment of her life under Mr. Constantine's roof was pure unalloyed pleasure, the daily visits home made so buoyantly through snow and fog, the nocturnal confabulations with her sweet old patron. For the sweetness of age is better than the sweetness of youth, and Mr. Constantine possessed it in a rare degree. Youth, indeed, says the German proverb, has no virtue, but the rare nature, like choice wine, mellows in the keeping.

"What is the day, my dear?" he asked of Arthura as the dark December drew to a close.

"Two more, and we come to the last of the year, sir."

"So soon? Well, I'll bid the young scapegrace welcome, and not shed a tear for the old curmudgeon, though he has not used me badly. And a few days more or less, dark or fair, for me, then welcome the great democrat, the only true exponent of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—Death!"

"I hope you will not die yet, sir," Arthura said, cheerfully.

"I am not in a hurry, my dear, though quite ready to take my rest. I only regret that I leave the world so little better than what I found it."

"But you have done your part in making it better, they say, sir."

Mr. Constantine smiled. "True—true. I have worked manfully for man, woman, and beast. I can say that for myself. I have stood up for the right, and, what is more, for the weak. And mark my words, my dear. Dwell not too much on the exercise of kindness throughout your life, but seek rather to be just. Let austere, implacable, unswerving justice be your guide in small emergencies as well as great, not slipshod, purblind benevolence ever plucking at your sleeve. By justice only shall the world be mended. Well, your wand, my Prospera, your magic robe! I am aweary of the world and its mendings. Into the land of shadows, away, away!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Far and wide on New-Year's Eve flashed through the dusky heavens Miss Hermitage's festive windows. Her house stood on a hill, dominating three sister hills, valley within valley, town and sea, and a beautiful spectacle it thus made, blazing like a beacon-fire amid countless lesser lights. For no sooner was the brief winter twilight over than the lamp-lighter's enchanting business began. A will-o'-the-wisp here, a twinkling light as of a glow-worm there, now a cluster of little stars like the beads of a broken necklace, and, lo! on a sudden, as if by magic, from east to west the earth and broad span of heaven are set with fiery cressets. Not a space the size of the palm above or below without its lamp shining out of the Ethiop blackness of the night. On this marvellous panorama, however—glorious illumination that people would have flocked from all parts to see had it occurred once in a lifetime—neither hosts nor guests had time to dwell to-night. Miss Hermitage's opening entertainment was to be splendid. Nothing like it had ever been seen in these parts, people said. All as yet was mystery and alert looking forward, but on one point there could be no doubt—Miss Hermitage's promises to surpass herself would be made good. Valerian indeed promised these things for her, but was not Valerian Miss Hermitage, and Miss Hermitage Valerian? The truth, of course, soon leaked out. As bevy after bevy of fair guests alighted at the door, a sign, a whisper, a wave of the hand in a certain direction, indicated what was in store for them. The spacious entrance hall had been turned into a buffet and reception-room, but when the company on arriving broke up into little knots for tea and gossip, they caught suggestive glimpses from the wide doors of the salons as they were stealthily opened and shut. Now was seen flitting by an airy figure in white and silver, whose feet hardly touched the ground, unmistakable votary of the dance; now an equally unmistakable queen of melodrama, dressed in the fashion of the day. Sounds, too, reached the ears of the guests impossible to misunderstand—tuning up of musical instruments, according of violin and violin. No need for the master of ceremonies to read aloud the programme. The entertainment was to begin with a fairy masque and end with a play. And soon appeared Colette, bearing an armful of little flying sheets, disclosing what already every-one knew. Yes, a drawing-room ballet—irreproachable, of course, in the matter of accessories—was to lead the way to a charming little melodrama performed by competent actors. "A delightful bill of fare," was the general exclamation, although in so pleasant a meeting-place, and amid such good company, nothing in the way of professional amusement seemed necessary. It was the old story of Valerian painting the lily and gilding refined gold.

Miss Hermitage was in excellent spirits. It afforded her a world of comfort to find that she could do without Arthura, that, indeed, Valerian made up for everything. In her secret heart she half suspected Arthura of some sentimental feeling for Valerian. What could moodiness mean in a girl but falling in love? So she was well out of harm's way, and as for Stephana and Valerian, they might do as they pleased by-and-by. "How much happier people are without feelings," thought Miss Hermitage—"with only capacities for enjoyment! Now all the feeling in the world could not serve me in such stead as this faculty for enjoying myself—a faculty that does good all round without the cant of philanthropy. I fill my rooms with pleasant folk; I spend money like a queen in entertaining them, and like a queen I am made much of." That she was, indeed. The cynosure of all eyes on this especial night was the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

little person in lemon-colored brocade, trimmed with rich modern lace. "None of your dingy, inodorous, dilapidated old point for me," was Miss Hermitage's dictum. "New wine in new bottles. To each generation its own finery." The gown she wore was really becoming to a spare little old lady with the compactest figure, still perfectly agile and upright, features hard but neat, hands and feet to match, beautifully arrayed in fine silk mittens and fancy stockings and little sandaled slippers after the fashion of fifty years ago.

With one hand resting on Valerian's arm, she now made the circuit of the hall, greeting her visitors as radiantly as any bride acting the part of hostess for the first time. Satisfied and even delighted with Valerian in his capacity of steward she had ever been, but to-night she glanced at him almost fondly—at any rate, more than approvingly. And none could have failed to notice as the pair thus lingered arm in arm the strong family likeness between them. Not only did the likeness exist in build, feature, and outward appearance generally, but in voice, expression, gesture. Worldling for worldling, idler for idler, optimist for optimist, were here, both animated with a cordial liking for life and humankind, both ready to take and leave things as they found them—a philosophy which certainly answers in so far as one's own internal peace is concerned. Such similarities, bodily and mental, we are accustomed to look for among kinsfolk, and perhaps no one would have noticed it now but for the curious link that bound Miss Hermitage and her protégé together. For if Valerian possessed absolutely nothing of worldly goods, Miss Hermitage was a pauper in those things with which nature had so royally endowed him. Hers was the wealth, but his the capacity for making wealth desirable. They depended on each other, her necessities being greater than his own.

"Where is Stephana?" asked Miss Hermitage, accustomed now to appeal to Valerian with regard to Stephana's movements.

Valerian's face clouded. "Stephana is not always to be depended on," he answered, briefly. "She made no promise to come, remember."

"Our frivolities shock her, I dare say," Miss Hermitage made good-humored reply. "I want her company nevertheless. She can be mighty agreeable."

The musicians now began to play, the doors of the reception-rooms were opened, and at a signal from Valerian the hundred and odd guests took their places. A few minutes more, and the curtain rose. One drawing-room ballet—mazy dance of sylphs, nymphs, and fairies keeping time to airiest music—is like another, and there was no speciality about this one except its grace and gayety. The very spirit of the dance seemed incarnate in these sportive fays and elfs, human creatures they could hardly be, whilst the measures were so gaysome that they set the heart beating quickly from mere pleasure. Nothing could be prettier, daintier, of its kind, and when the roundelay ended, and the dancers vanished quickly as they had come, there was a ring of applause. What would Valerian think of next?

What indeed?

Whilst Miss Hermitage was receiving the compliments of her guests, and they were speculating among themselves upon the next entertainment, Stephana stole in, unobserved except by Valerian. Beautiful exceedingly looked Stephana as she now made her way by groups of modish beauties, starry night flower amid the garish glomes of day! All her dress was of the cold yet subdued silveriness of moonlight, and like a cloud or a mist the silveriness seemed to wrap her round, lending mystery, something unearthly, eerie even, to features and form ever free from human ordinariness. Was she human, indeed? "A spirit and a woman too?" or all spirit of the kith and kin of seraph?—no compeer of those who toil and moil in the work-a-day world?

Valerian, feeling a spell of this kind, almost shrank from her cousinly advances. He wished nothing so much as to please her, but the nearer they approached each other in daily intercourse, the clearer he saw what a gulf divided them.

Hitherto Stephana had made no further allusion whatever to the future as it concerned Valerian and herself, but to-night she seemed to verge on confidences, in need of a confidential listener. In the midst of the general hubbub of voices they were alone, and she said, without leading up to the subject,

"You will smile when I tell you what really brought me here to-night."

"Not a love of pantomime or drawing-room comedy," Valerian answered, lightly.

"I like to see a beautiful dance and a pretty play well enough, but my errand to-night is not diversion."

"Have you been peering into your magic crystal? Come you as a wraith bidding me, or one of my neighbors, be ready to die in three days' time?" Valerian again made sportive answer, although a lurking uneasiness made itself heard in his voice.

"I came because I felt instinctively that I was wanted. You may laugh at my presentiments, as you call them," pursued Stephana. "They mean, after all, at least in this case, no more nor less than the sympathy that binds kinsfolk together. Christina is the nearest relative I have in the world. What wonder that I should be irresistibly drawn toward her in a moment of peril?"

Again Valerian smiled, although not quite naturally.

"I trust that your presence may ward it off, then. Our cousin was never in better health and spirits in her life. Look at her!"

Stephana glanced round, and true enough, gayest of the gay, almost sparkling in her overflow of good humor and geniality, was their hostess of seventy and odd summers. Age has its heyday as well as youth, and very likely Miss Hermitage had never appeared to better advantage than now with this cold brilliance of her eyes and faint flush on her thin cheek. The time of disillusions and checks was past. Flattery meant nothing, but hopes could no longer flatter, and she could at last take life and the world for what they were worth.

"Strange," mused Stephana, aloud, "I notice for the first time that Christina must have been handsome in her youth. For the first time, also, I see a remarkable likeness to yourself."

She turned her penetrating eyes toward Valerian, who shrank from their gaze.

"Have you never noticed it?" she added, looking at him curiously and speculatively.

"I am no physiognomist," Valerian said, carelessly, yet with some slight embarrassment.

Stephana saw it, and immediately changed the subject. A moment more and the curtain rose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STEAMER DAY.

It has recently been pointed out with authoritative emphasis that good Americans do not go to Paris before they die unless they have first seen all the wonders of their own land. Niagara, Chicago, the Big Trees, the Mammoth Cave, the Yellowstone Park, and the Brooklyn Bridge must all have been visited by the conscientious tourist before he is entitled to look up the effete hotels and cathedrals of the Old World.

This is a most patriotic position, even if it is oftener taken by naturalized citizens, who have seen the folly of Europe in their childhood, than by native-born Americans. These latter share the universal human tendency to take the unknown for the magnificent, and hold the familiar fountains of Saratoga cheap in comparison with Vichy and Carlsbad, waters of Damascus. The trouble about this patriotic prescription is that comparatively few persons lie awake nights thinking what disposition of their holiday will best conduce to their own mental and moral improvement, and to the general welfare of the race. They basely go travelling for amusement or for rest, and they seem to find both in Europe. Rest at sea, barring the physical motion, is complete. Nobody can bother you with telegrams, although some misanthrope is reported to be experimenting with "paying out" a light wire, to the outer end of which the worried of mankind must hope that he will be affixed. Intellectual strain is somehow interdicted by the conditions of the voyage, so that fatuous persons who set out with the fond notion of getting up a subject between New York and Liverpool fish out their books for the first time, with a feeling of sheepish remorse, in a London hotel.

"No man," remarked the inexhaustible Dr. Johnson, "is a hypocrite in his pleasures." If people continue to go to Europe instead of taking to the hotels of Indiana and Idaho, it is at least to be inferred that, granting the baseness of their motives, they like it. And the steady increase in the efflux of tourists shows that they bring back favorable reports of some, at least, among the effete institutions. Greater steamers are built year by year, in which more attention is paid proportionally than ever before to the accommodation of cabin passengers. In fact, the differentiation of Atlantic steamers into passenger ships and freight ships, which has already begun, is likely to go on until there is a fleet of great steamers dedicated to the use of the pleasure traveller of the summer season alone, and to abandon the sea in winter to less pretentious craft, which shall carry freight and bagmen. In fact, we are not far from this consummation already. The *City of Rome*, which has just re-appeared in and disappeared from New York, had not been seen before since the last season of summer travel, and which has accommodations for near a thousand cabin passengers, seems to be an approach to one of these ships of the future; and such swift monsters as the *Servia* and the *Alaska* have distinctly been evolved out of the demand of passengers, and especially of tourists, for comfort and for speed. Size is an indispensable factor both in comfort and in speed. The *Great Eastern* was a monster born out of due time, and far beyond the demand for "great carrying capacity" in freight to satisfy which she was built. But it seems that ship-builders and ship-owners will very shortly find their account in reproducing or exceeding the dimensions of "that sea-beast leviathan," "hugest of all that swim the ocean stream"; and the demand which the new leviathan will be launched to meet will not be of the serious traffic, but of the pleasure travel of the two continents. She will be made simply to meet the views of tourists who fancy that it is of immense importance to them to save a day, and to avoid a fit or two of seasickness in the passage between New York and Liverpool, and who can afford to pay for this fancy.

This fact of the continual increase of great steamers built more and more expressly for pleasure travel is as conclusive proof as a column of statistics could furnish of the increase of the travel itself. The great fleet of great steamers which leave for Europe with the regularity and almost with the frequency of express trains for Chicago are far more crowded than the smaller fleet of smaller steamers was ten years ago, and there is earlier and more eager competition for a choice of quarters on favorite vessels. The volume of travel to Europe increases every year by a considerable ratio,

> "And something earlier every year
> Our singing-birds take wing."

The hard-working business or professional man who can only snatch August from his avocations is settling to the belief that Europe is the best thing he can do with his time, even if half and more of his holiday must be spent at sea. But he ships his wife and daughters off very early in June, or even in May, when the winter season is over, and the summer season of the American watering-places has not yet begun. They have eight or nine days, which they would delight to shorten, in which to recruit themselves for a campaign that is to last until the coolness and the haze of late September shall make the cities of the sea-board habitable once more by those sensitive and highly civilized females of the species of the American business man, who for his own part regards an occasional evening at Coney Island as rather more than all the relaxation which a rational creature ought to want.

The existence of Jersey City used to be accounted for upon the hypothesis that it was a place where people went to see other people go to Europe. It is now deprived of even that melancholy function. Nearly all of the great lines now have their wharves in New York, and the exceptions are chiefly, if not altogether, to be found in Hoboken. The crowds of anxious friends are rather increased by this change, although they are for the most part friends who would not take the trouble to see the same persons take a train for San Francisco that they take to bid them a fond farewell on the less perilous voyage. It has been suggested that the voyagers might discharge their social duties before leaving by issuing cards for "steamer receptions," and cheering their peculiar friends with champagne furnished by the ship's steward, and constructively "in bond."

A RAILWAY EXPOSITION.

The National Exposition of Railway Appliances now being held in Chicago is exciting an amount of general interest wholly unexpected by its projectors. Not only are railroad men in large numbers attending the exhibition—sometimes the entire force of from five to ten thousand employés of a great trunk road visiting it at the expense of the company employing them—but the outside public, whose only connection with railways is as travellers, crowd the buildings day and evening. This, however, is not surprising, when the character of the exhibition and the interests, so vast as to be almost inconceivable, that it represents, are considered. If we undertake to enumerate the hundreds of thousands of men in the employ of American railway companies, the unnumbered thousands engaged in the construction of railways and railway supplies or appliances, the millions who are directly benefited by these iron roads, and to estimate the untold wealth invested in them directly or indirectly, we find that our figures represent at least two-thirds of the population of the United States and one-half of its wealth. Fifty years ago what imagination could conceive the present greatness of this country? and to-day its condition without railroads is almost equally inconceivable. But for them the Mississippi would probably be the Western limit of Eastern civilization, and the vast stretch of prairie and mountain between it and California would still figure on the maps as "The Great American Desert." Of the countless ships now thronging our seaports not one in a hundred would visit them. Goods would be conveyed between markets by wagon trains or canal-boats, and passengers would travel by steamboats or stages. Immigrants would, of course, find their way to the country; but those who came would be as rivulets compared with the mighty tide of immigration now sweeping westward over the land, and filling its waste places with abounding life. Therefore, when it is remembered that the very life of the nation is dependent upon the successful maintenance of its railway system, it is not wonderful that an exhibition of the appliances of railways should attract so universal an interest.

This Chicago exhibition is the largest and most complete of its kind ever attempted. It is held in the Exposition Building, on the lake front of the city, and also occupies numerous other adjacent buildings that have been temporarily erected for its accommodation, the whole covering more than eleven acres of ground.

In the main building, illuminated at night by colored electric lights, is a bewildering array of iron and wood working machinery such as is used in the construction of railways and their rolling stock. Here is also displayed an infinity of smaller railway appliances—couplers, drawbars, station indicators, brakes, frogs, switches, etc. Beyond them are rare and exquisite woods such as are used in the luxurious finishing of palace-cars. Here are woods from Persia, Turkey, India, South America, and from every portion of the world from whence woods of finest grain and coloring, and susceptible of the highest polish, are obtainable.

In the galleries is a most interesting exhibition of railway inventions which are still in embryo, or have not yet succeeded in inspiring the confidence and attracting the capital necessary to their success. Here is also an electric railway, the first ever constructed in the West. It runs outside the galleries, entirely around the building, a distance of a third of a mile, and in its cozy little cars visitors are invited to take the trip at five cents apiece.

In the West Annex are the locomotives, standing each in a separate stall, burnished and glistening like the thorough-bred, highly groomed steeds to which they are likened. Every firm of locomotive builders in the country is represented, and every style of work turned out by them is exhibited, from little narrow-gauge passenger engines weighing but fifteen tons, to huge "Mastodons" of over ninety. While each of these is a perfect specimen of its kind, and well worthy a careful examination, the commendatory features of each are lost to view in the great number of exhibits and the general excellence of the whole; consequently only those which are remarkable for size or for novelty of construction attract unusual notice.

The locomotive attracting and retaining the largest share of public attention is a "Mastodon," built by the Cooke Locomotive Works of Paterson, New Jersey. It is the largest locomotive in the world, and with its tender weighs 93 tons. Its cylinders are 20 inches in diameter, with a 30-inch stroke; it has eight driving-wheels 5 feet 5 inches in diameter, with a four-wheeled truck forward. The boiler is 60 inches in diameter; tubes $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter and 12 feet long. The tank has a capacity of 3000 gallons of water, and the tender carries 12,000 pounds of coal. The length over all of this monster is 64 feet. It was built for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and upon the closing of the exposition will continue its way to the scene of its future labors in Southern California.

Another locomotive which proves a centre of attraction to railroad men is that known as the Shaw locomotive. It has two cylinders on each side, instead of one. These are of $10\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and have a 24-inch stroke. They work in combinations, there being two cross-heads, two piston-rods, and two connecting and parallel rods on each side. The locomotive has four 5 foot 9 inch driving-wheels, weighs, fully equipped, $60\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and has on a trial trip drawn two cars at the rate of 76.6 miles an hour.

In the South Annex are the greatest attractions of the whole exposition—relics of the past, of the very earliest infancy of steam railways, now figuring in "the old curiosity shop." Here may be seen the first locomotive built by John Stephenson; the old "Locomotion No. 1," built in 1825, and antedating the famous Rocket by four years; the boiler of the Stourbridge Lion, the first locomotive ever run in this country; the old Samson, built in 1839 in England, and imported to Nova Scotia for use between Pictou and the Albion coal mines, where it is still worked; and the grasshopper locomotive Arabian, the first successful venture in this line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It was designed and built by Mr. Phineas Davis, in the company's shops, and went into service in June, 1834. It is still in active service at the Mount Claire yards, and is as useful as when first put on the rails. In all its long career it has met with but one accident, but this was sufficiently remarkable to be worthy of record. Of it the Washington *Republican* gives the following account:

"Before it"—the Arabian—"was finished Mr. Davis promised the workmen engaged in the shops, some three hundred, to take them and their families on the train drawn by the Arabian as far as it went, then to go to Washington, and have dinner at Brown's Hotel. The Washington branch was then open nearly to Bladensburg. The trip was made, William Duff being the engineer. Just west of Jessup's Cut, thirteen and a half miles this side of Baltimore, the Arabian ran off the track. Mr. Davis was sitting with Mr. Duff when the accident occurred. The engine rolled on its side. Neither the engineer nor anybody else on the train was hurt in the least, but Mr. Davis; he was killed. There seemed to be a special fate in the matter. Nobody could ever tell why the Arabian ran off the track. There was no evidence ever shown, although the fullest investigation was made, that any cause existed to throw it off. As the Bullock press, which the first time it was put to work caught its inventor and printed him into its first impression, so the Arabian on its first trip killed its designer and maker."

The Arabian was run to Chicago by Tom Galloway, who is over eighty years of age, and has been in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company for fifty years, or ever since 1833. He is the oldest locomotive engineer in this country, and probably in the world.

The Samson, from Nova Scotia, is also accompanied by a man who has devoted to it the service of a lifetime. He is the engineer who came to this country in charge of it, in 1838, and who has run it daily ever since, although at present he is nearly eighty years of age. The Samson is a standard-gauge "inverted direct action engine," with four-foot drivers. Her cylinders are perpendicular, and are at the back of the engine on each side of the engineer. The piston-rods shooting up and down act on the hind-wheels, which are connected with those in front of them. The furnace door is in front, and the tender with the fireman aboard runs ahead. A car that accompanies this primitive locomotive is also a curiosity, being one of the old-fashioned double-bellied coaches with the seats each accommodating two persons placed opposite each other, in each section the doors are at the sides, and an outside step runs the entire length of the coach.

The Stourbridge Lion, of which the boiler is shown in "the old curiosity shop," was the first locomotive ever brought to and run in this country. She was built in England in 1828 for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, and on the 8th of August, 1829, was placed upon the tracks of the railway owned by that company, at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, and run fifteen miles, by Mr. Horatio Allen. The engine weighed seven tons, which proved to be too great a weight for the road as it was then constructed, and after a few experimental trips was laid aside. Mr. Allen is still alive, and very proud of the honor of having driven the first locomotive in America.

One of the most prominent heroes and veterans of the exposition is Mr. David Matthew, who was engineer of the DeWitt Clinton, the locomotive that drew the first excursion train, immortalized in silhouette, over the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, between Albany and Schenectady, on the 9th of August, 1831. This picture is erroneously called "The First Steam Train in America," for trains had been run in South Carolina six months before this date, and Mr. Allen's trip from Honesdale had been made two years before. Mr. Matthew therefore only claims to have been engineer of the first locomotive run in the State of New York.

THE CARS AS THEY WILL BE ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—DRAWN BY HARRY OGDEN.

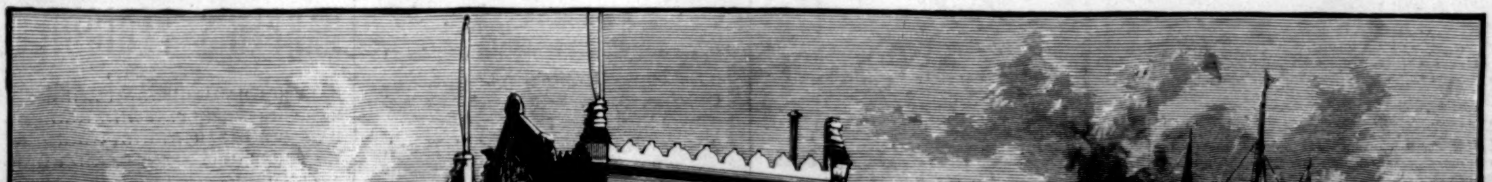
AT THE DOG POUND—THE RESCUE OF A PET.—DRAWN BY W. A ROGERS.

J. EDWARDS SIMMONS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

THE HON. J. B. FORAKER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWLAND.—[SEE PAGE 375.]

GRAND MASTER SIMMONS.

MR. J. EDWARDS SIMMONS, who has been elected Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York for the ensuing year, is a native of Troy, New York, where he was born on the 9th of September, 1841. He graduated from Williams College in 1862, attended the Albany Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1863. After practicing law for two years, he abandoned his profession for trade. He subsequently came to this city, and became a banker and broker. In this business he made a fortune, and retired before the panic of 1873. MR. SIMMONS is a member of the Stock Exchange, a director and trustee of several corporations and institutions, a Commissioner of Education, and on some of the most active committees in that body. His home is at No. 28 West Fifty-second Street, and he has a cottage on the shore of Lake George. He was made a Mason in Mount Zion Lodge, No. 311, of Troy, in 1864, and affiliated with Kane Lodge, No. 454, of this city, ten years afterward. In 1877 he was elected Master of that Lodge, and re-elected in 1878. He is a member of Jerusalem Chapter, No. 8, Royal Arch Masons, and of Cœur de Lion Commandery, No. 23, Knights Templar; of the latter he became Eminent Commander in 1881. Grand Master JOSEPH J. COUCH appointed him District Deputy Grand Master of the Sixth Masonic District, and General ROOME made him Grand Marshal. He represented the Grand Lodge of Missouri near the Grand Lodge of New York, but resigned in favor of WALTER P. MONTAGUE, after he was elected Deputy Grand Master last year.



OPENING OF THE FREE BATHS IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY HARRY OGDEN.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.* BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

THE most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are ANGOSTURA BITTERS, prepared by Doctor J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.—[*Adv.*]

SWEET BREATH.—Dr. Jas. X. Knight's Stomach Powder makes the breath as sweet as a rose. 50 cts. by mail. P.O. Box 1585, N. Y. Crittenton, Agent, 115 Fulton Street, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves soups, fish, gravies, meats, &c.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

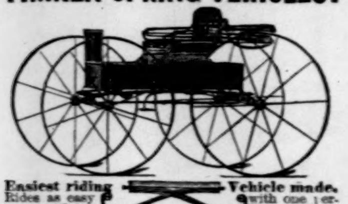
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES!



Easiest riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as with two. **The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry.** Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all the leading Carriage Builders and Dealers.

HENRY TIMKEN,
Patentee, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Used exclusively by CHICAGO, ILL. **ABBOTT BUGGY CO**

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for **Constipation**, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

Illus. Catalogue, 150 pages, Photo. and Lecture, 10c.

MAGIC LANTERNS WITH VIEWS $5.

MAGIC LANTERNS & SLIDES Wanted. *Optical and Musical Wonder Catalogue* FREE. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

PORTRAITS Agents Wanted! I can get 5 orders daily the year round. **$2 profit** on each order—**outfit free.** Send at once for circular and terms. SAFFORD ADAMS & CO., 48 Bond St., N.Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

The New England Laboratory

FIREWORKS

Are the Standard.

OUR BOX COLLECTIONS

For Private Exhibition Displays

Are all differently assorted, and include many **FIREWORK NOVELTIES,** at prices within the limits of all; viz.: Collection No. 1, 50 cents; No. 2, $1.00; No. 3, $2.00; No. 4, $3.00; No. 5, $5.00; No. 6, $10.00; No. 7, $15.00; No. 8, $25.00; No. 9, $35.00; No. 10, $50.00; No. 11, $100; and No. 12, $75.00 net. **AND ON THE RECEIPT BY MAIL OR EXPRESS OF FIVE DOLLARS OR UPWARDS, WE WILL SEND TO ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY (EAST OF ROCKY MTS.), EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID BY US, EQUAL VALUE OF REMITTANCE** (at the advertised prices above) in collections as selected, and purchased, previous to June 25th; after which and otherwise any of the collections sent C.O.D., freight paid by purchaser.

These collections are original, comprehensive, and attractive, are all safely boxed, and in them the purchaser obtains the best Fireworks made for private use at about one half of retail prices, with full directions for firing.

Send for the Descriptive List,
And order early to save disappointment.

We offer also a full line of all other **FOURTH OF JULY GOODS** in Flags, Lanterns, Balloons, Masks, Paper Caps, and Pistols, Fire Crackers, Torpedoes, &c.

Our new Price List and Catalogue for 1883 is now ready and will be mailed free—to all applicants.

MASTEN & WELLS, Manufacturers,
Salesroom No. 18 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.
Public Displays by Special Contract.

And by special appointment to the Imperial Russian Court.

Established 1818. Beware of Counterfeits.
Copenhagen — Peter F. Heering's — Cherry Cordial
7 Prize Medals. Gold Medal 1878 Paris.
Purveyor by appointments to the Royal Danish Court and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

For sale by Wine Dealers generally. JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Union Square, New York.

The NEW DEPARTURE

Makes Education *free* and Self-Instruction *easy.* Learn to *write,* spell, and punctuate; also, English Grammar at the same time by a new and natural system. More learned in a day than in a month by the old method. Sent by mail on receipt of **$1.** Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Sells at sight.
E. R. PELTON & CO., 25 BOND ST., NEW YORK.

POCKET $1.00 SIZE — THE **ANTI-STYLOGRAPH** — DESK $1.50 SIZE.

A reservoir Penholder, carrying a nibbed pen and sufficient ink for many hours' continuous writing. *Ready for instant use without adjustment.* Non-corrodible pens, changeable at pleasure, fine, medium, or broad, &c. per box.

Fitted with Palladium Pen, iridium-pointed, $2.50.

N.B.—It is not a Stylograph or point-writer, but a true PEN with nibs, to suit all writers, and may be used for shorthand or signatures. *May be had of all Stationers. Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,*

THOS DE LA RUE & CO. LONDON PARIS & NEW YORK

Buffalo Lithia Water,

A powerful solvent of Stone in the Bladder. Invaluable in Bright's Disease of the Kidneys; specific in Gout and Rheumatism; highly efficacious in Acid Dyspepsia, &c. Endorsed by Dr. J. Marion Sims, Dr. Wm. A. Hammond (late Surgeon-General U. S. Army), and other eminent medical men. Water, in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5 00 per case at the Springs. Springs pamphlet sent to any address.

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., } AGENTS,
CASWELL, HAZARD, & CO., } NEW YORK CITY.

THOS. F. GOODE, Proprietor,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY,

FOR VILLAGE AND TOWN LIBRARIES.

Nearly three hundred numbers, comprising History, Biography, Fiction, and miscellaneous works.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS employ no agents for the introduction of this Library; but will be pleased to quote liberal terms to villages and towns for libraries. Send for *Harper's Franklin Square Library* Catalogue.

TEACHERS supplied with positions in all grades of Educational work. Send stamp for circular. BROOKWAY TEACHERS' AGENCY, Times Bldg, Chicago.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES,
EDENIA AND MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE.

RIDLEYS',

Grand, Allen, & Orchard Sts., N. Y.

DRESS SILKS.

24-INCH BLACK GROS GRAIN............$1 08
POSITIVELY WORTH $1 50.
50 PIECES REAL BROCADED SATINES (ALL SILK)............$1 00
HAVE BEEN $1 50.

BLACK SATIN RHADAMES.

2500 YARDS AT............94c.
FORMER PRICE $1 25.
3500 YARDS AT............$1 05
FORMER PRICE $1 35.
4000 YARDS AT............$1 20
FORMER PRICE $1 65.
2700 YARDS AT............$1 30
FORMER PRICE $1 85.
2000 YARDS AT............$1 42
FORMER PRICE $2 25.
2500 YARDS AT............$1 65
FORMER PRICE $2 75.

SUMMER SILKS,

39c., 49c., 55c., 65c., and 75c.

FOULARDS AT THE SAME PRICES.
6000 YARDS, IN ALL THE NEW SHADES IN FOULARDS, EVERY PATTERN IN DOT, FLOWER, AND FIGURES, AT 65c.

Examine Our Colored Rhadames and Gros Grain Silks; also, Our Black and Colored Brocaded Silks, All at Equally Low Prices.

E. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 313 to 321 Grand St.,

56, 58, 60 TO 70 ALLEN ST., N. Y.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

UNDERWEAR.

Gauze and Medium Weights in Silk Shirts and Drawers for Gentlemen.

Cashmere, Gauze, Merino, and Silk and Wool Mixtures for Ladies.

A great variety of Balbriggan, Lisle Thread, and Fancy Hosiery for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

Broadway and 19th St.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

PURE INDIA TEAS.

From the Districts of
ASSAM,
CHITTAGONG,
CACHAR,
KANGRA VALLEY,
DARJEELING,
DEHRA DOON,
And Others,
Absolutely Pure, Superior Flavor.
THE MOST ECONOMICAL TEA.
Requires only half the usual quantity.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.
JOHN C. PHILLIPS & CO.,
Agents of the Calcutta Tea Syndicate,
130 Water Street, New York.

THE NEW
SWEET BOUQUET Cigarette.
Delicate, Mild, and Fragrant. A Dainty Whiff for Connoisseurs.

LADIES!

Neutro-Pilleno, only hair solvent known. *Permanently dissolves superfluous hair, root and branch, in 5 minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury.* Send 2 stamps for particulars. The UNIVERSITY CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO. formerly WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION Co., 603 Spruce St., Phila., Pa.

WANTED 8 or 10 Successful BOOK AGENTS of pluck and enterprise to operate as GENERAL AGENTS to hire and train others to introduce a NEW WORK of extraordinary merit and great salability. Positions are worth $1,200 to $2,000 a year. Address, giving full particulars of experience, age, etc., HUBBARD BROS. 723 Chestnut St., Phila. Pa.

40 New (1883) Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW STORE.

Le Boutillier Bros.,

Of 23d Street.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

BLACK SILKS,
COLORED SILKS,
SUMMER SILKS,

GRENADINES, GINGHAMS, WHITE LAWN SUITS, HOSIERY, SILK GLOVES, NUN'S VEILINGS, LAWNS, JERSEYS, UNDERWEAR, SILK MITTS, COACHING UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, &c.

We cannot here enumerate prices, but give purchasers the full benefit of some great bargains we are now able to offer.

Prompt and careful attention to all Mail Orders. SAMPLES SENT. IT WILL PAY YOU TO SHOP BY MAIL.

Please note the address:

LE BOUTILLIER BROS.,
Of 23d Street.,
31 & 33 West 23d Street, New York.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause.*

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE............$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY............4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR............4 00
The THREE above publications............10 00
Any TWO above named............7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE............1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE / HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE }............5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)............10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR begin with the first numbers for January, the Volumes of the YOUNG PEOPLE with the first Number for November, and the Volumes of the MAGAZINE with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be entered with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Nine Cents in Postage Stamps.

SEELEY'S HARD RUBBER PILE PIPE

Applies any ointment directly to parts affected, thereby curing when other remedies fail. Conveniently carried in the vest pocket, *ready for use,* without pain or inconvenience, affording *immediate relief.* Sold by all druggists (accompanied with a package of Seeley's Ointment on which are printed the ingredients) or sent by mail for $2. Seeley's Truss Establishments, 1347 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 74 Fleet Street, London, England.

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

Lady Agents can secure permanent employment and good salary selling **Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc.** Sample outfit **Free.** Address **Queen City Suspender Co.,** Cincinnati, O.

$10 and upward can be invested in a legitimate speculation. For particulars, address C. G. STODDART & CO., 140 S. 3d St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE COUNTRY. WHO can make from $6 to $10 a day. Send for circular and terms. WM. HEES, Artist, 107 Walker St., N.Y.

SITUATIONS furnished teachers. Application form and copy of our "School Journal," sent for postage. Address **National School Supply Bureau,** 85 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE PREMIUM
to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced by all who have seen it to be the handsomest and most valuable ever offered by a manufacturer to make the trade familiar with his name. The Case itself is a magnificent one, and the Silver Ware elegant, of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

DONT BE A CLAM

CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS

AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—
A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:—is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will *TRY* new ways that are *endorsed by leading newspapers:—*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker or a Grain Binder:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their papers for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was NOT A HUMBUG.
Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:

SO DONT BE A CLAM

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium of a beautiful set of Plated Silver Knives and Forks, for simply giving The Frank Siddalls Soap *a thorough trial.*

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say **that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

***Where water or fuel is scarce** remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.*

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag Sweet and White, and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of **Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag dont blame your** servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; **use The Frank Siddalls Soap,** made of **Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.**

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. **Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.***

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* **No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable,** while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; **by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in **the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing **Chafed Places on Infants and Adults;** for use by persons suffering with **Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face,** and for children afflicted with **Scaly Incrustations,** it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, **that is always pleasant, even to an invalid;** it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: **it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:**—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) **it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing.** Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—**IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,** *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

Promise No. 2—**That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.**

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on.
All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.
You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* **which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap**

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.